

JOHN L. SULLIVAN. THE INVINCIBLE.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

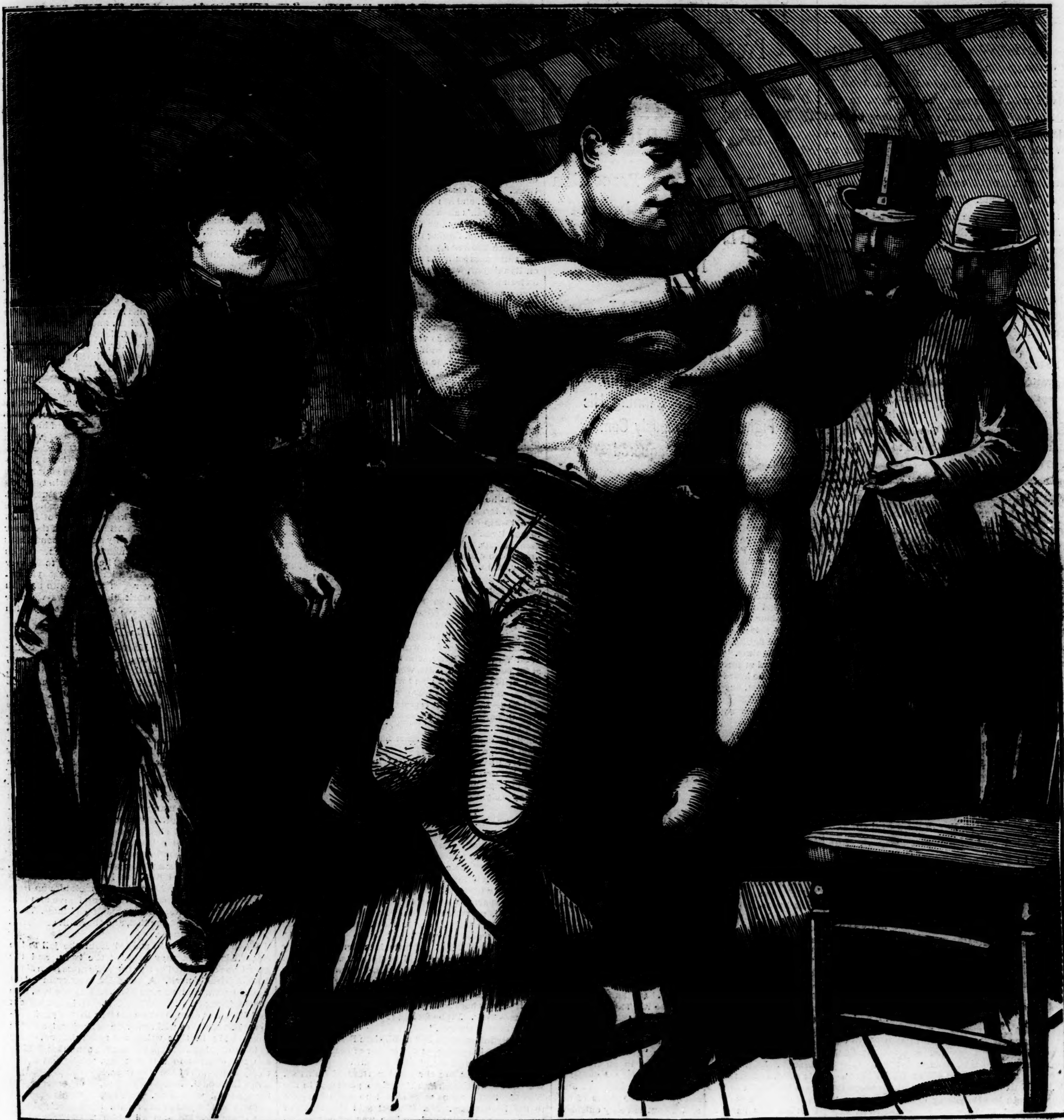
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A MAGNANIMOUS CHAMPION.

AFTER KNOCKING OUT PADDY RYAN IN THE THIRD ROUND, AT THE PAVILION, SAN FRANCISCO, JOHN L. SULLIVAN CARRIES HIM TO THE CORNER AND SPONGES OFF HIS BATTERED BROW.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

STILL TO THE FORE.

The most important event in the recent history of the pugilistic ring took place on Saturday, Nov. 13, at San Francisco, where John L. Sullivan once more met Paddy Ryan, in the Pavilion, and put a final extinguisher on the latter's aspirations. Ever since Paddy met John in battle array down in New Orleans he has made the sporting world weary with his boasts that a second encounter would have a very different issue. The first fight was not six months old before the Trojan elbowed his way to the front as one of the men who are always challenging the champion with a vague and flattering hope that either he won't accept the defiance or that the authorities will interfere.

It is no wonder that the big fellow from Boston gradually began to lose his temper under the perpetual verbal and epistolary assaults of men who never meant business. And that is why he lost no time in disappointing rather than gratifying the other big fellow from Troy, by accepting his challenge. Nobody is likely to forget the lame and impotent conclusion of the match in Madison Square Garden, when Capt. Williams so considerably came to the rescue of the Trojan giant.

But the match in which Paddy got his second genuine dose in San Francisco was not queered by any official interferences. Ryan had all the show for which he had been clamoring, and used the tactics with which, so he has boasted ever since his defeat, he intended to dispose of the wonderful champion of the world.

The result was just what might have been expected, and proved once more that neither time nor indifference can rob John L. Sullivan of his absolute irresistibility. Whether he trains or whether he doesn't, no matter the growth and increase of his tremendous development, there actually lives at this moment on the surface of the globe not one man who can withstand the prowess of the most marvelous pugilist who ever existed—John L. Sullivan.

It is to promote such fair and square contests as this that Richard K. Fox contributes all his energies and the world-wide influence of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. From New York and its immediate neighborhood the cranks and sneaks have succeeded in banishing true sport. But this match in San Francisco comes just in time to prove that where the reign of the Pharisees doesn't prevail, there still remains a place in which may be successfully carried out the theories and the aims of all true sport lovers and their great representative, the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

HE COMES TO THE WRONG SHOP.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, Phila., Pa.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—Can you tell me how I will find out where I can get paper money at reduced rates? I am willing to pay you well for the information. Will you insert the following for me and what will it cost? "Paper money wanted at reduced rates?"

Address, W. H. HULL.

If W. H. Hull means counterfeit money he certainly wrote to the wrong man when he addressed Richard K. Fox, and we desire to say that neither he nor any one else could advertise to our knowledge, any article of illegitimate merchandise. If the laws would only reach a class of would-be offenders much good would be done, and it should be made a criminal offence to use the U. S. Mail for any such purpose, as is indicated in this model communication.

AT LAST!

Paddy Ryan Has His
Long Desired Chance
to Tackle the World's
Champion.

HE GETS IT

Principally in the Neck and
Loses All Interest in the
Proceedings in the
Third Round.

EXIT PATRICK

To Join the Long Procession
of Ambitious Victims of
John L. Sullivan's Right
Hand.

JUST AS USUAL,

The Boston Boy Covers Himself With
Glory at the Pavilion, San Francisco, and After Winning His
Fight Magnanimously Com-
forts His Conquered
Foeman.

[Subject of Illustrations.]

John L. Sullivan has once more, with his usual ease, shown himself to be the greatest pugilist that ever strode into the mystic circle. His fight with Paddy Ryan at the Pavilion in San Francisco has clearly proven that there is no one in the world able to take from him the championship belt. He showed that he could hit about as hard as he ever did, and that he had not forgotten that terrible blow, which has sent so many good men to grass. Ryan had plenty of pluck, but in science, wind and strength he was no match for Boston's pride. In the first and second rounds he forced the fighting, but he found Sullivan in front of him all the time. In the third round the champion took a hand at foreing, and Ryan got one on the jaw that could be heard for a block. A "other, landed on the same spot, but with even more force and sound, lifted Ryan's 220 pounds of bone and muscle clear from the ground, and he shot away from the champion as if fired from a howitzer. He took the stage shoulders and back with a crash that shook the building. He lay there just as quiet as he was at New Orleans on Feb. 7, 1882, when Sullivan bit him the blow in which Ryan traced a resemblance to being struck by a telegraph pole. He couldn't come to time, and the fight was Sullivan's.

A big effort was made to have the fight not come off at all, and the Society for the Suppression of Vice urged Mayor Bartlett to withdraw the license for the exhibition. But the Mayor refused to interfere, and at 7 o'clock the doors of the Pavilion were besieged by an eager crowd impatiently awaiting admission. When at last the doors were thrown open, the rush to obtain good seats was so great that many persons were badly crushed, if not seriously injured. When all were inside, the Pavilion contained 9,000 spectators. Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's manager, was surprised. He says he never saw such a house before, except once in Madison Square Garden, New York. He intimates that the receipts will reach \$12,000.

There were the usual preliminary set-tos between local celebrities, after which La Blanche, of Boston, and Jemmy Carroll, of New York, who came out with Sullivan, put in an appearance. La Blanche had a lame right hand and did not use it. The first round was a pretty exhibition of sparring; the second was more serious. La Blanche caught Carroll under the jaw with his left and sent him spinning to his corner. The third and last round was a "kuy" all the way through. La Blanche let Carroll get in on him with his right, and to the great amusement of the audience went heels over head in backhanded somersault. Just as the round was over one of the outside doors of the Pavilion was burst in and about seventy outsiders rushed in.

At ten o'clock proceedings were enlivened by a tremendous crash in the left gallery. A lot of men had climbed upon a number of showcases used for exhibits and in their excitement over the rounds between June Dennis and Jim Hall, two negro boxers, they toppled the cases over, smashing them to pieces and badly cutting a boy on his face and hands.

The police were drawn up in a cordon around the

elevated ring, and were also distributed through the crowd in citizens' dress. The pugilists came to more effective blows than have ever been witnessed here before under police surveillance, but there was no attempt at interference.

In the preliminary exhibitions there was a knock out which had not been anticipated, George Hamill laying low Ned Macdonald, of Birmingham, England, and stunning him so completely that it was some moments before he could leave the ring.

The spectators were kept waiting one hour and a quarter for the coming of the gladiators. A pandemonium of noises reigned in the meantime.

It was announced that Sullivan and Ryan would use four-ounce gloves, and would fight according to the revised rules of the Marquis of Queensberry, the winner to take seventy-five per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser twenty-five per cent. At a quarter past eleven a roar of applause swept through the hall, and Sullivan and Ryan came in. Ryan was the first to trip lightly up the stairs of the platform. As he slipped off his coat he was loudly cheered. Sullivan quickly followed, and was greeted with deafening applause. Capt. Hiram Cook, of this city, was chosen referee, and Daniel Murphy timekeeper for Sullivan, and Charles Smith timekeeper for Ryan. Five minutes went by before the men took their corners, and another four minutes elapsed before time was called.

ROUND 1.—After shaking hands the two men sparred for five seconds for an opening, when Ryan suddenly let out with his right, catching Sullivan on the right cheek. Yells of "Good for Paddy!" were heard all over the house. From this moment both fought savagely. Ryan leading throughout. Ryan followed up with another right-hander on the cheek, and attempted to follow up with a stomach blow. The hit fell short. For the first minute the fighting was so severe that Ryan then began to show signs of falling wind, and Sullivan took advantage of this and made a rush at Ryan, when both clinched, but were quickly separated. Time was then called.

2.—Ryan again forced the fighting, but with less apparent effect. Though he reached Sullivan's face and body several times, he had lost some of his powers through becoming winded. Sullivan, on noticing this, started to force the fight, and leading, reached Ryan, who countered effectually. Sullivan then again reached for him, and landed a body blow which downed Ryan amid loud applause. This was repeated twice. Ryan essayed tactics of clinching to avoid punishment, and at the end of the round it was apparent that Ryan's chance for a victory was gone.

3.—This was a regular slugging match, Sullivan being in better wind, forcing the fight from the start, but both men showed signs of heavy punishment. After the third pass Sullivan sent in a terrific right-hander on Ryan's jaw, which sent him spinning to the ropes—a clean knock down. The blow rattled Ryan so that it was with some difficulty he staggered to his feet. He shook himself together, and in a dazed way led off with his left for Sullivan's face. The latter stopped it prettily, and then repeated his right-hander on Ryan's jaw. The blow was so violent and well directed that Ryan went down as if shot out of a cannon. It was a knock-out of the neatest kind. Ryan lay on the floor unable to move.

The police now thought it was about time to interfere, and rushed in. Sullivan, however, had left them nothing to do. The champion waved back the timekeepers, so that Ryan might have a ray. But Ryan didn't say anything, and he didn't even show a sign of life when time was called. Then Sullivan picked him up and carried him to his corner, while the cheering of the crowd made the rafters ring.

It was apparent from the start that Sullivan intended to knock Ryan out, and among his friends before the fight he made no secret about such being his intention. Ryan had been blowing for four years that he would whip him, and Sullivan was almost as anxious to stop Ryan's vaunts as to get the lion's share of the gate receipts. There are a good many to-day who express sorrow for Ryan, because he is a good-natured fellow, and this defeat practically puts him out of the ring. At any rate, it spoils his practice as a drawing card in future sparring exhibitions. Others say that Ryan has enjoyed the reputation of being a great fighter, when he has done little to deserve it. In fact, how Ryan got his reputation is mysterious. He has had only three real battles in the prize ring, including this last one. The first was in 1880, with Joe Goss, in West Virginia. Ryan, who is over 6 feet high, fought at 221 pounds, while Goss, who was 4 inches shorter, weighed 71 pounds less, and was 15 years older than Ryan. Still 37 rounds were fought before Goss was whipped. Ryan's next real fight was with Sullivan, at New Orleans, where he was knocked clean out in the 9th round. Since then he has chiefly been before the public in challenges to meet Sullivan for anything from \$2,500 a side up.

It is Sullivan's intention after he has finished his sparring tour in this country to go to both Australia and to England, where he will meet all comers for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

THE NEWS IN NEW YORK.

The defeat of Ryan by Sullivan did not surprise one of the sporting men in this city. It was a foregone conclusion that Ryan would be promptly knocked out if there was no police interference. They were confident that Sullivan could do it, and Sullivan remarked before he left town that if he got a fair chance at Ryan he would "kill him." Prof. Mike Donovan, who has sparred with both men, said:

"Ryan is no match for Sullivan, and never was. I once told him that if he ever faced Sullivan his fighting career would be over."

"Crown him king! Crown him lord of every thing!" shouted a grizzly old bootblack, whose stand is outside Sullivan's partner's saloon, corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street. "Hokey! Who said Paddy Ryan could fight? I could lick him myself if he was here now. I won't be able to do it when he comes back. I'll be feeling too bad then with the return of rheumatism."

The only information had at William Bennett's headquarters, which places, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street and Seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street, are the headquarters of Sullivan, was the dispatch from San Francisco published in the *Herald*. Both saloons were closed up out of respect to the license law. Mr. Bennett said the fight had turned out as he expected, and he was, of course, delighted with the result.

"Was Sullivan in good form when he went West?" was asked of Mr. Bennett.

"Oh, yes; I never saw him looking better in my life. People say that if he only kept straight he would do this and that and the other thing. He does keep straight. He hadn't touched a drop of liquor for seventeen weeks before he left New York."

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially
Delineated.

She Made Them Sneeze.

Mary Tolliver, a negro woman, aged fifty, went to a voodoo doctor of Atlanta, Ga., procured a bag of pulverized cayenne pepper, mixed with cantharides, and proceeding to the recorder's court, sprinkled the powder through the crowded court room and on the steps leading thereto. In a moment the judge, spectators and officers were seized with such a violent fit of coughing that court was at once adjourned and all staggered out of the room. The woman was arrested and locked up. She said that she scattered the pepper to prevent Recorder Anderson from trying her son, who was before the court charged with drunkenness. She threw some of the stuff into the eyes of the witnesses against her son, almost blinding them. The voodoo doctor told her that the mixture would conjure the court and save her son from punishment, and she believed him. She will be tried for malicious mischief.

Starved in Irons.

The Quebec bark *Ivy* is at Halifax, N. S., discharging a cargo of sugar from Java. Her crew shipped at New York. A good deal of trouble occurred during the voyage out, resulting in the brutal treatment of a sailor named Pierce, from which treatment he died. From the story told by the sailors it appears that Capt. Glen refused to pay Pierce the wages due him, and when Pierce made a row about it Capt. Glen put him in irons, fastened to stanchions on the deck, and kept him there four days and nights, during which the captain struck him on the head several times with a belaying pin and beat him unmercifully with a loaded whip. Pierce pleaded pitifully for mercy, but in vain. He was kept in irons altogether for seventy-five days and fed only on bread and water.

When Pierce pleaded for different food the mate's reply was: "Let the scoundrel die." The poor fellow died a few days later. The irons were taken from him as he was dying. The captain and mate deny the charges. Shipping Master Bligh is investigating the affair, and will report to the Government.

The Comment was Muscular.

The office of the *St. Louis Critic*, a weekly journal devoted to social gossip, politics and sporting news, was the scene of a lively encounter Nov. 10. When Jim Carroll, the bank robber, was arrested here several weeks ago and taken back to Galesburg, Ill., the *Critic* published what purported to be a sketch of Carroll's career in Chicago and Springfield, Ill. The article contained a reflection on a Chicago newspaper man, recognized as John A. Corwin by his intimate friends. Mr. Corwin was in St. Louis on his way home from Waterloo, Ill., where he had interviewed Congressman Morrison on the latter's defeat, and dropped into the *Critic* with Haisell of the *Chicago News*, to pay his respects to the managing editor, J. H. P. Irwin. Mr. Irwin and he had been well acquainted as newspaper men in Chicago and Springfield, Ill., having reported a session of the Illinois Legislature together at the latter place. As Mr. Corwin entered the back editorial office Mr. Irwin recognized him, and putting out his hand said: "Howdy do, John?" "I don't shake hands with you," replied Corwin; "take that," and he let out his right at the managing editor of the *Critic*. From this point the accounts differ widely. One report has it that Irwin dodged the blow, causing Corwin to hit the corner of a door, and that the sporting editor of the *Critic* then took a hand and knocked Corwin senseless and that it was some time before he was resuscitated. The other account, however, is very favorable to the Chicago man. He not only knocked both of Irwin's eyes into one, but laid the sporting editor of the paper out also, receiving in return only a scratch beneath his left eye. This was the only mark of violence which Mr. Corwin's face showed, and he seemed to be very exultant over what he considered a great victory. Corwin denies that he ever had anything to do with Carroll other than to work him for news when he (Carroll) was a police reporter of a Chicago paper ten years ago.

A Pathetic Parting.

United States Deputy Marshal Wineman, of Louisville, Ky., left the other afternoon for the Albany, N. Y., penitentiary with three prisoners, David Hale, counterfeiting, five years; Pleasant Clark four years for the same offence, and William Hunter, colored, four years for robbing the mails. The jail doors were opened to the prisoners, and Clark and Hunter handcuffed together came out first. Following them slowly, leaning on the arm of the guard, was old David Hale. His steps were slow and tottering, and his white hair hung down over features haggard, thin and pale from his long confinement in the jail. At intervals of every few paces a hollow cough emanated from the old man's contracted chest and told more plainly than words that the old man was not long for this world. Hanging on to the aged prisoner's coat was a little boy apparently not eleven years of age. The child carried in his hand a basket of lunch prepared for Hale. Since his confinement the old man has been constantly visited by a young woman and her child, the boy who carried him the lunch. Six years ago Old Dave was ill and Mrs. Wilson took him up from his bed in a stall at the stockyards, and gave him food and shelter and nursed him through his illness. These were the only friends he had, and they still comforted him in his misfortunes.

When the party had walked from the jail to the Short Line depot they boarded the train, and the guard was compelled to tear the boy's arms from about his old friend's neck. A coughing paroxysm seized the old man, and waving his hand at the boy, who stood sobbing on the platform, the train pulled out and Hale was once more on his way to the penitentiary. His sentence will never be served out, and the chances are that he will never reach the pen, owing to his enfeebled and rapidly sinking condition. Hale has no relatives in this country, but he has a son thirty-five years of age who is a well-to-do ship chandler in Liverpool. Some weeks ago, after sentence had been passed upon him, Hale wrote to his son and acquainted the young man with his father's shame and dishonor. He also told him the history of his life and troubles since he had been compelled to leave his native land more than fifteen years ago, and since which time the son had heard nothing of his father and supposed him dead. The writer said he did not expect to live long and would die happy if he could see the boy he deserted and disgraced in his youth. The son reached New York city and will be in waiting for his father at the prison gates.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Embesler John F. Hoke.

In Montreal the other evening Detective C. E. Stanley, of Stanley's Western Detective Agency, Chicago, stepped up to an undersized, pale-faced man on Belmont street, saying: "Mr. George Hanna?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Mr. Hanna, I know you to be John F. Hoke of Peoria, Ill., and I have a warrant here charging you with forgery. You are my prisoner," said the officer. Hoke started violently when the officer laid his hands upon his shoulder and seemed daunted, and made no objection to accompanying the detective.

When asked what caused his trouble Hoke said: "It was entirely the fault of the bank people. They employed me as bookkeeper and then, unintentionally perhaps, threw temptation in my way. I did everything around the bank. I was teller, cashier and bookkeeper. They were careless and I could not help taking advantage of it."

"They say you took \$180,000; how is that?" "It is only \$172,000. They are wrong there." "What did you do with it?" "Speculated in grain."

"In Chicago?" "No, on the Peoria Board I lost it all."

"They have received about \$40,000, they say. Is that right?" "Well, my estate and that of my wife should have been worth \$65,000. They have left her \$17,000; that should have given them \$48,000."

In the latter part of May last the directors of the Merchants' National Bank of Peoria discovered that \$180,000 of the institution's capital and surplus had been stolen by John Finley Hoke, who for fifteen years had been their trusted bookkeeper. He was not to be found and the bank closed its doors.

A QUEER MISTAKE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amusing incident occurred in one of the downtown police stations in Boston a few nights since, the principal actors being an unknown woman and the lieutenant. The lieutenant—whom, by the way, is one of the oldest and most trustworthy members of the department—was, on the evening referred to, deeply interested in the personal of a new law work from which he was gathering inspiration to fit him for the promotion to a captaincy that is prophesied for him by Patrolman 999. His train of thought was rudely broken by a slamming of the office door, accompanied by the swish of a woman's garments. Looking up he saw standing in front of the desk a comely appearing matron of some forty summers. The lady held a handkerchief to her face, and in an excited manner ordered the astounded lieutenant to pull her aching molar. The ludicrous situation flashed upon the "deacon's" mind, and he began interrogating his would-be patient as to the length of time she had suffered and the degree of pain inflicted by the tooth. After questioning her for some time, he at last said: "Well, madam, I can remove your tooth, and the performance will be instantaneous, but I don't know whether you can stand it, as my method of taking teeth out is somewhat rough."

She replied that she was anxious to have the trouble some member taken out with as little pain as possible, and then inquired as to his style of taking out teeth. With a gasp—your please smile illuminating his countenance, the "deacon" said:

"What teeth I have removed during my professional career I have knocked out, and, picking up his short club from the desk, "this is the instrument I use."

A look of horror passed over the woman's face as she in a quivering voice said: "Good heavens! where am I? Ain't this a dentist's office?"

The genial "deacon" managed to control himself sufficiently to explain to the lady her mistake of localities, and with a deep-drawn "ah," the lady hastily departed. The genial "deacon's" pent-up merriment was then given vent, and he was thrown into convulsions that necessitated the services of the "houseman" to eradicate.

THE LADY AND HER LORD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In another part of this paper will be found a capital illustration of Violet Cameron's last appearance at the Casino, N. Y., during Lord Lonsdale's brief management.

A New Wonder

is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes. All ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars

FOUND HANGED IN HIS CABIN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A little over a month ago the mutilated remains of Richard Lacock were found floating in the Galveston bay, with every indication that a horrible murder had been committed, but owing to the lack of evidence the suspected individual was set free. Late Nov. 9th another murder, relatively of the same order, was discovered off Pelican Island, a small strip of land across the bay from Galveston. The victim in this case was one Jim Phillips, aged about sixty years. For the past twenty years he has been variously employed on the bay, and latterly took charge of one of Musgrove's sloops. Last Friday he sailed from Galveston in the regular course of business. He was alone on his little vessel.

A fisherman the other day boarded Phillips' sloop, which lay at anchor near the shore, and discovered the body of Phillips, hung by the neck, in the small cabin, in such a position as to preclude any theory of suicide. A subsequent investigation, conducted by Justice Spann at the inquest, after the sloop and its ghastly burden were brought to the city, leads to the conclusion that Phillips had been brutally murdered. There were two hideous wounds on his head, both, it is thought, fracturing the skull. The little cabin and deck were bespattered with blood, and the general indications were that there had been a struggle and that the bleeding corpse had been carried below after the fatal blows had been dealt. In further confirmation of this, a bloody hatchet with which the wounds had been inflicted was found on top of the cabin. Under the body was found an advertising picture card on which was written, "Kicker, you have had all my money and now you may have my life. Your wife is a liar and you a thief. You sent that card." A person familiar with Phillips' writing testified it was not his writing. This slender thread may lead to the apprehension of the criminal. The case is still under investigation.

A THEATRE COMPANY SURPRISED.

The Dressing Rooms of the Globe Theatre Raided.

The members of the Wilson Barrett company at the Globe Theatre, Boston, were treated to a genuine surprise upon retiring to their dressing rooms at the close of the first act of "Claudian" the other evening, by finding that their rooms had been entered while they were upon the stage, and their clothing rifled of watches, chains, jewelry, money, trinkets, letters, etc. Upon the discovery, word was sent to Station 4 where, to the surprise of the theatre people, they found the guilty parties were under arrest and all the stolen property recovered.

James McCarthy has been employed as dresser for the troupe, and before the evening's performance Calvin Richards, alias Haynes, who it is stated, has done time at the House of Correction, appeared at the theatre and stated that McCarthy was sick and had sent him to fill his place. He performed his duties, as far as is known, to the satisfaction of the members of the troupe. Soon after the first act had begun, McCarthy put in an appearance, and together, it is said, they went through seven of the dressing rooms, taking everything they could lay their hands on, and then left.

About 8:30 P. M., as Inspectors Gerraughty and Houghton of the Central Office were passing along Elliot street, their attention was attracted by two men who were acting in a suspicious manner. One of them entered a store, soon followed by the other, and taking out a half sovereign, asked for the value of it. Then they came out and one gave the other something, and they proceeded to Kneeland street, where they entered several pawnshops. Here the inspectors took a hand Gerraughty searched one of the fellows, and finding several watches upon him, both men were taken to Station 4.

At the close of the performance the members of the troupe visited the Lagrange Street Station, where they complimented the officers very highly upon the promptness with which the men were secured. Jerald Maxwell identified a silver watch and chain, valued at \$30.43 in money and a number of smaller articles; Samuel Carson a silver watch valued at \$30, a gold locket, a half sovereign, and minor articles; Thomas Percival a gold watch and chain valued at \$50, two silver dollars and 35 cents in change, together with numerous small articles of value; Herbert Kersley a silver watch valued at \$35, a \$5 bill, an English half sovereign and private papers; Harry Evans, \$6 or \$7 in money and private papers, and Albert Field about \$4.70 in money and private papers. The inspectors have three unidentified pocketbooks in their possession, for which owners are wanted.

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE FATE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The body of an unknown woman, with the skull crushed by a blow from some heavy weapon, was recently found near Dalton, Ga. Charles Patten and Will Hollman have been arrested, and are now in jail upon the charge of having caused the woman's death. Patten is believed to have betrayed her in Indiana under promise of marriage and then to have fled to Dalton, whither the woman followed him, hoping that he would marry her. It is thought that Patten enticed her to Mill Creek and there murdered her with a hatchet and threw her body into the water. Hollman is a friend of Patten's and is believed to have been accessory to the crime.

A GASTLY FIND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A special from Cairo, Ill., says the crew of the Sidney Dillon, which arrived here last night, report a ghastly find about thirty miles below St. Louis, on the river bank. One of the Dillon's barges ran aground, and she landed the balance of her tow a short distance below and returned to release the stranded barge. The watchman who was left in charge of the fleet built a fire on the bank and turned in for the night. When he awoke in the morning he found that he had been sleeping beside a headless and footless corpse. The remains were clad in fashionably made clothes. The trousers pockets were turned inside out, and nothing could be found upon the body that leads to identification.

THROUGH THE HEAD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fatal shooting affray occurred at Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 8, in which Dennis Shaw, a laborer, shot Ed Mustain, a rather tough character, as the latter was about to cross the threshold of his home. Mustain, who had been drunk and carousing most of the day,

had on a number of occasions talked insultingly to Shaw's wife. When Shaw returned from his work that evening Mustain was waiting him at his home, with the express purpose of doing him up. After a few words had been exchanged Mustain threatened to kill Shaw, and at the same time buried a large stone at him, cutting open his head, Shaw retiring into his house for the purpose of getting a revolver, and was followed by Mustain. Having secured it he at once fired upon his assailant, who was but a few feet from him. The bullet entered the left side of the head above the ear. Mustain fell to the floor and never after spoke a word. He died from his wound at eleven o'clock. Shaw gave himself up to the police immediately after the shooting to await preliminary hearing. He pleads self-defense. Both men are married and about thirty years of age. Shaw's reputation has heretofore been considered good, while that of Mustain has been quite the reverse.

A PRETTY BANK STORY.

Crowned With Success After Fifteen Years of Hard Labor.

Many years ago a young man in one of the banks showed such capacity as a teller or cashier that some of its customers got up a bank for him. Everything went on successfully. There was a habit of lending and borrowing between banks, and sometimes between them and reliable individuals, and this young cashier had such a relation with a man supposed to be beyond suspicion. One day this man came to him with a large request, no less than the loan of \$150,000, equal to one half of the capital of the bank, which was \$300,000. Strange, he got it, and disappeared not to be found; his kindred could give no information about him; telegraphs, railroads, ocean steamers did not exist to afford inquiry or pursuit. The directors had to be made aware of the loss of half of their capital. Their first thought was to reduce the capital to \$150,000.

The young cashier submitted himself to their discretion, but proposed if allowed to go on, to devote himself, all his means and energies to the rehabilitation of the capital. The directors acceded to his request. The matter was kept quiet. The bank went on successfully. The cashier paid promptly 8 per cent. dividend on \$300,000 out of \$150,000 business. Watching every opportunity to make a penny, at the end of fifteen years he accomplished his purpose. The capital of the bank was restored. When he began his task he was thirty years old, when he finished it he ought to have been in the prime of life, only forty-five, but the incessant strain of those fifteen years left him a wreck, and in less than five years, in the height of his usefulness, he sank to his grave.

JOE LANNON.

[With Portrait.]

Joe Lannon, whose picture appears in this issue, was defeated by Patsy Killen near St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 8, 1885, in a fight to a finish with hard gloves for \$500 and excursion receipts. Lannon was knocked out in the ninth round. He fought a draw with Matt Cunningham, Jim Brady, Denny Kelliher and George Godfrey. His fight with Kelliher was 4 rounds and Lannon declined Kelliher's invitation to fight another round. On Oct. 7, in a club room in Boston, Lannon defeated Frank Herald for a purse of \$500. The fight lasted 6 rounds when Herald was put to sleep by a right hander straight from the shoulder landed on the jaw.

ED. WAGNER.

[With Portrait.]

Ed. Wagner was born in Marietta in 1860, and for the last five years has run what is well known as the White House Billiard and Pool rooms. He has lately opened up a large variety in connection with his rooms, which is now the finest in Southeastern Ohio. Wagner is one of the most enterprising young men in this part of the State and connected with all sporting events.

ALICE TOWNSEND.

[With Portrait.]

A capital picture is that which we publish this week of Alice Townsend, the charming young artist of Lilly Clay's Adamless Eden Company.

SAM JACK.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a portrait, and a good one, of Sam Jack, the well-known theatrical manager.

NAVAL BASEBALLERS.

[With Portrait.]

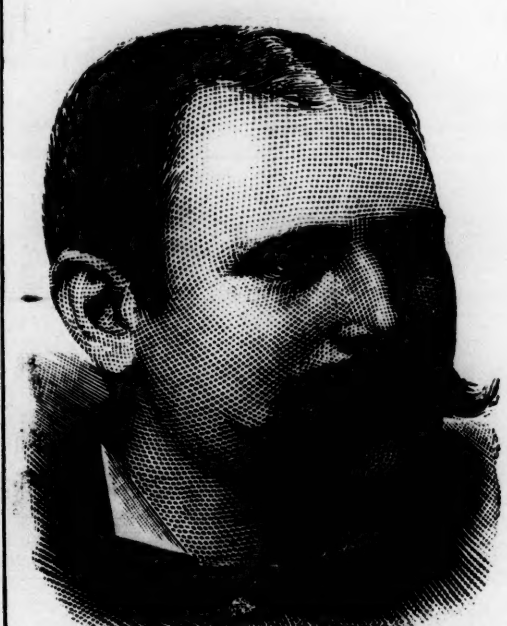
The champion baseball club of the Navy—that of the U. S. S. Swatara, is portrayed elsewhere.

EXERTION NECESSARY WITH COMING OF WINTER.

On Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1886, the 197th Grand Monthly distribution of the Louisiana State Lottery came off with its accustomed regularity. The sum of \$235,500 went far and near, and this was the result: No. 26,442 drew the first Capital Prize of \$75,000; it was sold in fifths at \$1 each; one to Charles L. Herrmann, a young single maker with the Lewis L. Arms Shingle and Lumber Co. of Muskegon, Mich., paid to him in person; one to Wm. H. Turner, No. 236 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill., through Southern Express Co. at New Orleans; one to J. N. Low, with the N. Dak. Elevator Co., Jamestown, Dak., through Lloyds, bankers of Jamestown; one to the London, Paris, and American Bank, Limited, of San Francisco, Cal.; one paid through Adams Express Co. to a party in New York city; No. 61,968 drew Second Capital of \$25,000, also sold in fifths at \$1; one to Mrs. Mary Logue, through Bank of Rideout, Smith & Co. of Oroville, Cal.; one to Collin Kitchen, No. 319 S. Cherry street, a watchman with the Richmond and Danville R. R., Richmond, Va.; one to R. M. Whiteside, Cisco, Texas, paid Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express; one to John M. Manning, No. 1106 9th St., N. W., Washington city, D. C. (a young law student there); one to Arthur H. Barnaby, No. 87 North St., Boston, Mass. No. 1,750 drew Third Capital of \$10,000, also sold in fifths of \$1 each; one to E. T. Babbitt, Dennison, Texas, through Merchants & Planters National Bank of Sherman, Texas; one to G. W. Jackson of Brownsville, Tenn., through Southern Express Co.; one to Dow & Boyett, Mojave, Cal., through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express; one to Farmers & Drovers Bank of Louisville, Ky. Tickets Nos. 20,104 and 73,392 drew each Fourth Capital Prizes of \$5,000, sold in New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Carthage, N. C., and Macouhah, Ill. So the wheel of fortune turns.—Nashville American.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Detective O'Malley.

This excellent officer is attached to Capt. Caffrey's command, the First precinct. His arrests are usually of the highest class, such as, under the French police system, would entitle him to heavy rewards. Among the more recent were James Dillon, confidence operator; Edward Stanton, grand larceny; Robert Gray, for burglary, and Louis Biral, attempted murder. Detective O'Malley is a fine-looking man, of kindly manner and vigorous frame, whose grip is like that of a steel vice, and whose robust physique is a phenomenon even among the "heelers" of New York.

T. C. Casey.

Chief of Police Dillman, of Sacramento, Cal., sends us the portrait of the notorious T. C. Casey, the clever hotel worker, which we publish on another page. The chief holds him on two charges of burglary, and he will be tried at the next term of court, when he will probably be sent away for a long period.

Harry Pannell.

A big fire broke out in the town of Oxford, N. C., recently, which promised destruction to the entire place, and but for the heroism of Harry Pannell, whose picture we publish in this issue, who at the risk of his life climbed to the dome of the court house and put out the fire which had caught on to the building, the entire town would have probably been destroyed. The citizens of Oxford have presented the brave young fellow with a hundred dollar medal for his worthy service.

J. C. Cockburn.

His best performances at live pigeons are 87 out of 100, trap and handle, at Otterville, Ont., 1880, in a match with E. Lindsay, of New Haven; 23 out of 25, trap and handle, at the best birds that ever went from a trap, in a match with Gen. Grant, of Woodstock, at Woodstock, 1884; 30 glass balls in 58 1/2 seconds, in Winnipeg, January, 1885, with three Winchester rifles, balls thrown by hand. He has many friends among whom are Jas. Douglas, of the Aquatic, Toronto, his chief backer; Jas. Taylor, of the Dog and Duck, J. F. Scholes and many others.

James A. L. Whittier.

The last chapter in the embroilment case of James A. L. Whittier was reached the other day in Boston, when he pleaded guilty to one of the ten counts in the indictment found against him. The facts are as follows: In August Whittier was arrested for embezzlement of property and securities valued at some \$112,000, the property of Miss Harriet D. Reid. Held in default of \$50,000 bail. The Grand Jury found the prisoner guilty in ten counts, five being for the embezzlement of \$20,000 and five for the larceny of certain pieces of property valued at \$100,000. On being arraigned in the Superior Criminal Court he pleaded guilty on one count. While sitting in the pen awaiting the pleasure of the Court he chatted with Fanny Willard, the woman with whom it is said he has been intimate. In a few minutes His Honor handed the condemning document to Clerk Manning, who announced that the sentence was imprisonment for four years and three months in the State penitentiary at Charlestown, the first day to be passed in solitary confinement. Several relations and friends of Miss Reid were in court, and from their remarks on leaving the room it was inferred that they considered the sentence a light one.

Thomas F. Colbert.

Thomas F. Colbert, a young man a resident of the town of Orange, Conn., is held on a charge of the theft of a negotiable bond of Douglas county, Neb., of the value of \$1,000, and a certificate for seven shares of stock of the Naugatuck Railroad Company, all the property of Miss Julia M. Ailing of Orange. Colbert was an inmate of an orphan asylum when a boy, but was adopted into the family of Ebenezer Ailing. He was trusted explicitly. He always acted uprightly until within a year or so, when he got in with a fast set of young men in New Haven. Then he took to drinking and betting. On the race course he lost \$1,000. In his extremity the only way out that he saw was to take this bond and certificate, the property of his benefactor, and raise the money on it. He presented the bond at Hatch & Son's and received \$1,020 for it. However, through unforeseen circumstances, the theft was discovered the day after, and Colbert left town to escape arrest, leaving his wife Minnie. He has been at Philadelphia nearly all the time. Recently he heard from a friend that Mr. Ailing would have to settle for the amount of property taken. Struck with remorse for his act of ingratitude, he determined to give himself up and stand the punishment. He went to police headquarters and surrendered himself.



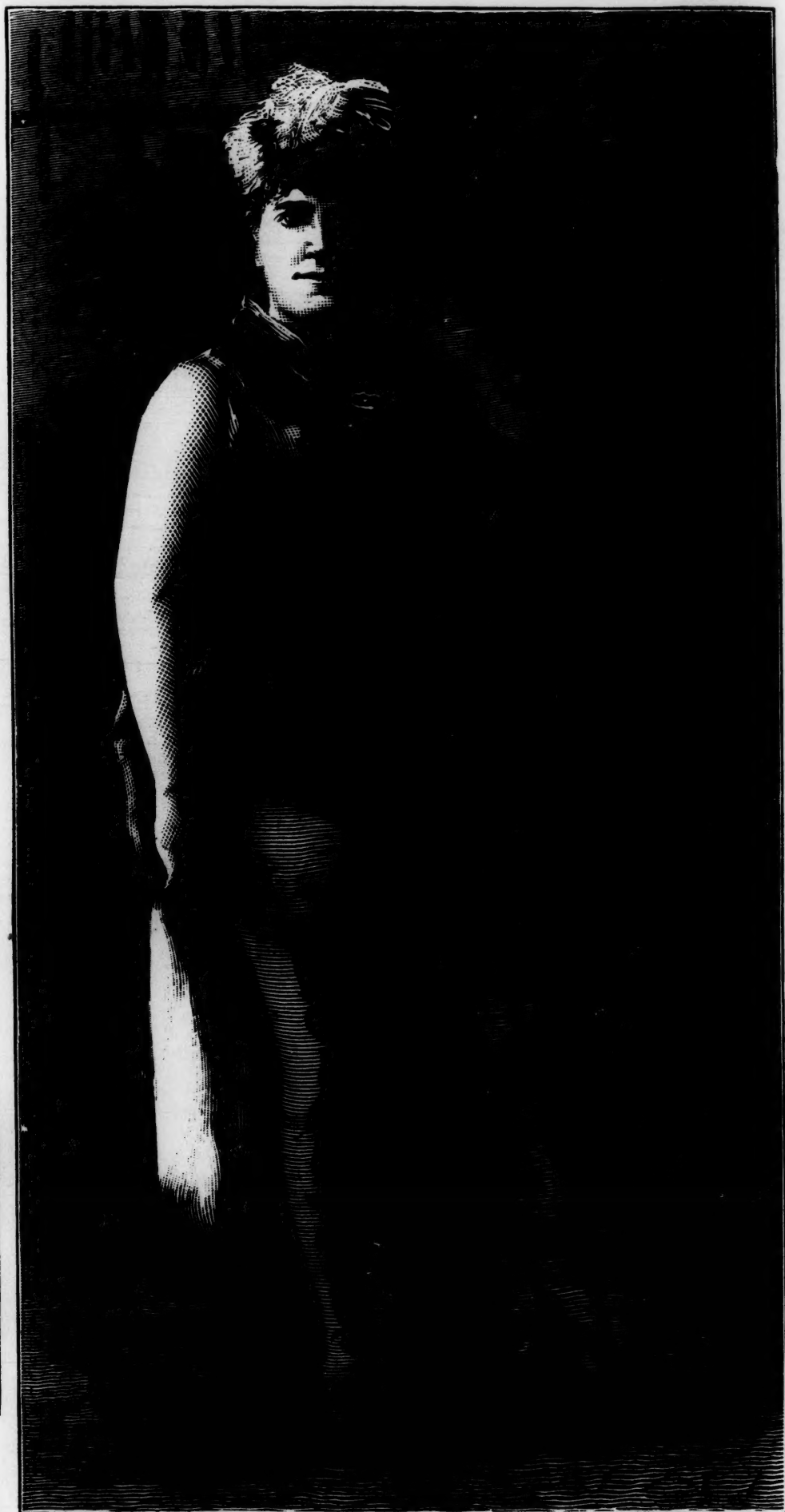
SAM JACK,
THE WELL-KNOWN YOUNG PENNSYLVANIAN THEATRICAL MANAGER.



A HORRIBLE MONSTER.
THE INCREDIBLE FEROCITY OF WHICH DRUNKEN SAM PURPLE WAS GUILTY AT
LARNED, KANSAS.



A STONE'S THROW.
A FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY CAUSED BY A DRUNKEN MAN'S INSULT TO A
WOMAN, AT DAYTON, OHIO.



ALICE TOWNSEND,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND VIVACIOUS YOUNG ARTISTE OF THE "ADAMLESS EDEN"
COMBINATION.



STARVED IN IRONS.
THE BRUTAL CRUELITIES ALLEGED AGAINST CAPTAIN GLEN OF THE BARK IVY,
AT HALIFAX, N. S.



JAMES A. L. WHITTIER,
A BOSTON LAWYER WHO HAS BEEN SENT TO
STATE PRISON FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.



THOMAS F. COLBERT,
THE YOUNG MAN HELD FOR STEALING NEGOTIABLE BONDS, ORANGE, CONN.



WAS IT A CONSPIRACY?
THE ALLEGED DISCOVERY, BY DRUGGIST O'SULLIVAN, OF DENTIST LATTO IN A
COMPROMISING POSITION WITH HIS YOUNG AND SEPARATED WIFE.



HARRY PANNELL,
THE YOUNG HERO WHO SAVED THE TOWN OF
OXFORD, N. C., FROM FIRE.



T. O. CASEY,
THE NOTORIOUS HOTEL WORKER CAPTURED BY
CHIEF DILLMAN, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



SHE WANTED TO SAVE HER SON.
MARY TOLIVER, AT THE SUGGESTION OF A VODOO DOCTOR, SCATTERS PEPPER AND SNUFF IN THE RECORDER'S COURT ROOM AT ATLANTA, GA.

WHAT WAS IT?

The Mysterious Crime Against
Decency for Concealing
Which Phil Moen Paid
"Doc" Wilson a Quar-
ter of a Million
Dollars.

AN AMAZING TRIAL.

Both Men Succeed in Keeping the Guilty
Secret From the Knowledge of
Their Fellows.

The celebrated suit of Levi, alias "Doc," Wilson, against Philip L. Moen, of Worcester, for \$113,000, alleged to be due Wilson, came up in court at Boston, Nov. 10. It was stated in the declaration that Moen had agreed to pay Wilson \$113,000, of which Wilson acknowledged the receipt of \$20,000 on account. He now sues for the balance, \$93,000, and interest, amounting to \$17,000. What Moen owed this sum for did not appear in the declaration, nor did it come out in the first trial. As it was understood that Moen would tell all the facts



"Dr." Wilson, the plaintiff.

In the case at this trial, a very large crowd was in attendance when the case was called. A jury was drawn, and the first witness called, the plaintiff, Levi Wilson. He repeated the substance of his testimony at the first trial, given in detail, of the bargain which he claims was made between himself and Mr. Moen at Moosehead Lake. He detailed the circumstance of Moen's offer in Boston to pay him \$90,000 in Boston and Albany and Stonington Railroad stocks, which Wilson, having confidence in the defendant, refused to accept. This was after he had received the check for \$20,000 from Moen. The witness gave the details about the same as in the previous trial and told of his experiences in trying to get Moen to keep his agreement. He also gave a statement of how he settled the cases in court against him, on which suits he had been arrested and committed to jail. The witness said he had received from \$300,000 to \$400,000 from Moen previous to the time Moen had agreed to pay him \$100,000.

"What was the consideration?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"The first money he gave me was made a present," answered the witness.

"How came he to make you presents?" "He can tell you best," with a smile.

"What was your understanding of the reason he made presents?" "I supposed he was liberal." (Laughter.)



Philip L. Moen.

"Can't you tell this jury anything besides that of the reasons for his making presents?" "I don't know Moen's reasons."

"Did you ever threaten Moen?" "Never, sir."

"Did you ever claim to Moen that you had been a

witness of some criminal act?" "I never told Moen anything of the kind."

When the plaintiff rested his case Lawyer King opened for the defense. He said it was proposed to unfold their story in a businesslike way so that the jury might understand clearly their client's relation to the case.

"It did not begin at Moosehead Lake. The seeds were sown years before that, and for a proper understanding it is necessary to review the relations between Levi Wilson and P. L. Moen from November, 1885. We base the defense to this case on blackmail pure and simple. The story is that of blackmail successfully carried out, until the victim refused to go any further. In November, 1875, Mr. Moen met a striking youth, a stranger, in his stable. It was Levi



The Englee-Wilson household.

Wilson, who said he was out of money and out of work. 'I have no friends,' said he. 'I have been the witness of an act which I will make the subject of a criminal prosecution unless you give me \$100.' The details of that act were very disgraceful and untrue.

Although those details were untrue, rather than have them placed on the court records and flaunted before the public, he in a moment of weakness promised to pay the \$100, and laid the superstructure for the case. The next day Mr. Moen paid the money. Wilson departed and Mr. Moen believed that he was rid of the unpleasantness threatened. In February of the following year Mr. Moen received a letter, in print, signed by Levi Wilson, which said:

"Why in h— don't you send me \$1,000? If you don't send it you and your property are not safe. I can hire my brother to swear to anything."

Philip L. Moen next took the stand. When questioned regarding the first payments of money to Wilson witness said: "In 1875 Wilson told me in my stable that he had been witness of an uncleanly act and that unless I gave him \$100 he would make the matter public. It was not an act committed by myself. From December, 1875, to Aug. 12, 1882, I gave Wilson \$234,850 because of his threats of exposure. I did not employ Wilson to get the Englees out of the way, because at that time I did not know them. After Wilson returned from Europe I raised for him \$50,000 to develop a patent for bleaching cotton. I took his notes for the money. I never borrowed any money from Wilson." On cross-examination, to the question, "Why did you take the notes?" Moen answered: "I took them as a matter of precaution, because I thought Wilson would be worth something some time."

Rice told him that I would give him nothing more. I had made up my mind to that then.

Mr. West then took up the "Why in h— hain't you sent the money?" letter and questioned the witness about it. Mr. Moen admitted he was fencing with Wilson at that time, in order to get an acknowledgment from him. He did not think of handing the letter over to the police. He paid the \$1,000 to keep Mr. Wilson still about a story he (witness) knew was false. If he had turned the letter over to the police witness thought it would have been better for him.

There was a sensation in court when the name of Hattie Englee was called, and all present craned their necks to get a good look at the woman whose name has occurred so constantly during the trial. She testified: "My name is Hattie Augusta

It was in 1882 that Wilson got into trouble to get out of which would cost him upward of \$100,000, and his failure to receive this sum from Moen, although he claims that Moen volunteered to pay it, is the basis of the present suit. Wilson had been living for three or four years with a young woman named Hattie A. Englee. He attempted to rid himself of her, and she began suit for \$50,000. Simultaneously another young woman, named Hattie Wetherill, began a similar suit for a like amount, and Miss Englee's father also came in with still another suit for \$50,000 for the betrayal of his daughter. Wilson asserts that he could have successfully defended these suits, but that Mr. Moen was fearful that if he did so the question of from whom and for what reason Wilson received all his money would be gone into, and urged him to compromise the suits, that he, Wilson, told Mr. Moen that he could settle them for \$100,000 and costs, and that on Mr. Moen's promise to make the sum good to him he did so settle the cases: that he received \$20,000 on account from Mr. Moen, but that the latter refused to pay any more and he now sues for the balance of the contract and interest amounting to \$113,000.

On the first trial, in December last, in which the jury disagreed, Mr. Moen put in an offset to the claim a lot of promissory notes signed by Wilson. The latter admitted that he had given Mr. Moen notes aggregating between \$600,000 and \$700,000, but that it was understood between them that they were to be "dum-mies," Mr. Moen saying that he simply "wanted them to pacify Maria; that he would burn them up." Maria was Mr. Moen's wife, and the curious people who heard or read the testimony were still more



The first meeting in the stable.

mystified to know why Mr. Moen should want to demonstrate to his wife that he had paid Wilson between \$600,000 and \$700,000 when he had only paid him about half that sum. This is the story that Wilson told about his visiting Mr. Moen at Moosehead Lake, in Maine when he alleges the latter promised to pay for compromising the suits:

"I met Mr. Moen, shook hands with him, and asked if he had seen the newspapers. He replied that he had, and was very much annoyed. He said: 'This thing has annoyed me for many years. I must not have my name connected with yours any more. The cases must be settled right away.' I said: 'I cannot settle them, Mr. Moen.' He answered: 'They must be settled. I will give you \$100,000 with which to settle them. We will go to Boston to-morrow and I will go to New York to arrange about the money. You must not be seen on the train with me.' He then said he would pay me whatever else I paid out besides the \$100,000. We went down to a point about 500 yards away and sat under a tree and this thing was talked over there."

Mr. Moen gave a very different version of what occurred at Moosehead Lake. Wilson, he said, begged that he would help him out of his trouble, and he at first refused to give him a dollar. Then Wilson beseeched him not to leave him in such a plight. Finally he yielded to Wilson's importunities, and he explained in this way he had agreed to pay the money:

Aside from the remarkable nature of the transactions that have been had during these years between these two men special interest attaches to the case here and elsewhere by reason of the high standing of Mr. Moen in the community. He is President of the Washburn and Moen Wire Manufacturing Company, which has vast factories and is worth many millions.



Trapped!

He is a deacon in the Union Congregational Church of Worcester, was one of the Presidential electors on the Blaine ticket in 1884, and no man has been more esteemed in the social life of the place where he resides.

The hundreds who are familiar with this famous case have advanced very many theories as to what is the great secret that Wilson and Moen are keeping from the public. The more general supposition is that Moen's son is the person whose criminal act "Doc" Wilson claims to have witnessed. The supposition of many is that the son was caught committing a disgraceful act, which, although not a State prison offense, would impair the social standing of the family. Others are of the opinion that Moen hired Wilson to steal some valuable patents for him.



Miss Englee on the stand.

Mr. West, counsel for Wilson, resumed the cross-examination. Mr. Moen said:

"I never made up my mind to loan Wilson the \$100,000. I made up my mind to try and raise money for Wilson at Boston. I returned from Moosehead because I did not want Levi Wilson following me around, and I wanted to see my counsel. My family returned the next Monday. I loaned the money to Wilson on account of his begging, entreating and pursuing me. It was the same game he had played on me for ten years. I was under pressure and under a good deal of excitement. In Boston he said that he and the woman would divulge something. If I testified last December that I let Wilson have the money from friendship, it was not true. I was willing to pay money to have this thing pass away. It was very disagreeable. Mr. Rice arranged to have the City Marshal come to my house. There was an understanding that at the dropping of a book the police should rush in. I invited Wilson into the library, and as soon as he entered Mr. Rice made the charge against him. Mr. Wilson said he could not settle the suits by himself and he must have help. Mr.

years has been Mr. Moen, and Wilson has had no word to say beyond boasting that he could squeeze Philip L. Moen whenever he wanted to. That he made no idle boast is shown by the fact that the many demands he has made upon Mr. Moen have all been honored except the last one for \$100,000. There the millionaire put his foot down—but only after paying a fifth of it—and the hundreds of thousands of people who had read the queer circumstances of the case have since been looking for the opening of a closet door and the exposure of some hideous skeleton.

"Doc" Wilson is a man of push and energy and is well equipped with brains. Absolutely illiterate, unable to read or write until he managed to tap the millionaire's bank account, he has since become comparatively well educated, has traveled extensively in this country and abroad and might almost be called a man of the world, being conversant with men and affairs. He got his degree of "Doctor" from his admirers in Thompson, Conn., who pinned their faith to the efficacy of the loions he concocted, out of his experience as a stable boy and hostler.

REVENGE!

A Prominent California Lawyer
Killed by Husband and
Brother.

MURDERED IN PASSION.

Confession of the Fallen Woman Fol-
lowed by Quick Vengeance.

James T. Noon, a prominent young lawyer of Santa Rosa, Cal., and formerly president of the Land League of San Francisco, was killed last Friday morning by John Balliff and Al Reed, two well known citizens. The two men suddenly entered the office of their victim and, apparently without a word of warning, began firing at him from a revolver. Noon made desperate resistance, closing with his murderers, and when people rushed in the three men were found struggling in a heap on the floor of the room, which was full of smoke from the discharges of their weapons. The deadly struggle was still going on, while beneath the men were seen three large pistols, of which nearly every chamber had been emptied. The carpet was covered with pools of blood. Chairs and tables were overturned and books and papers were scattered about. The walls and door were perforated with bullets.

Every evidence pointed to a terrific fusillade, although the only witnesses of it were those who had been engaged in it. Noon had two wounds, in breast and side. The only words that he spoke were, "Take them off me." He died soon after the arrival of an officer. The murderers have since kept a most careful silence regarding their deed and its cause, Balliff only letting fall the remark that Noon deserved his fate. The latter is well known in San Francisco, and was a classmate and intimate friend of some of the most prominent local judges there. He was only twenty-eight years of age, and of handsome and very imposing presence.

Despite a great sensation caused by the tragedy, its motive was for a time involved in a great deal of mystery. The inquest, however, has extorted from reluctant witnesses the fact that it was caused by the infatuation of Balliff's wife for the young lawyer and her frequent visits to his office and meetings with him at improper hours. On these occasions she was accustomed to envelop herself in a deep veil and take every other possible precaution to insure secrecy. Noon boasted of his deeds. The intimacy had lasted but a few weeks when he imprudently addressed her a note. This was the immediate cause of the trouble. Balliff, who is a wealthy farmer and who lives at Laguna, seven miles from Santa Rosa, is over seventy years old and his wife is about thirty. She was married to him in her fifteenth year, and is of a family that is highly respectable.

Their first child, a daughter, was named after her, and this fact had proved of fatal importance. The note fell into the hands of the young lady, and, supposing it to be for her, she opened and read it. Acting upon her first impulse of sorrow and indignation, she handed it over to her father, and together they confronted the unhappy mother with the accusation of her crime. The woman made a full confession, and implored forgiveness of her husband. In a frantic rage he ordered her from his sight. She then became nearly demented and evinced a desire to take her own life. In anticipation of this purpose all of the druggists in Santa Rosa were warned not to sell any poison to her, and several to whom she applied for strychnine refused to supply it.

Reed is a brother of Mrs. Balliff. Both he and the husband armed themselves at once and forthwith executed vengeance upon the paramour of the fallen wife. Most of the shooting, however, was done by Balliff, the brother, it appears, handing him the second revolver after the first had been emptied.

THREE MURDERS AVENGED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Intelligence has been received at Larned, Kan., from Hodgeman county of a crime which rivals in inhumanity and brutality the butchery of his family by Willie Sells, the boy murderer. The scene of the tragedy is near Marena, in the extreme southeast of Hodgeman county.

Some seven years ago a handsome young woman named Lowber fell desperately in love with Sam Purple, a man whose reputation for sobriety and mildness of nature was not by any means excellent. Against the wishes of all to whom the young woman was in any way connected, they were married and settled down near Marena. They never lived happily together and Purple's viciousness culminated Friday morning last in the murder of part of his family and in his own death at the hands of an enraged mob three days later. At the time of the murder his family consisted of seven persons—himself, his wife, his wife's sister and four little children, the youngest of whom was only three weeks old.

Friday morning his wife arose as usual and prepared breakfast. She then went to awaken her husband, which so enraged him as to incite him to the heinous crime which soon followed. He sprang violently from his bed and, seizing his revolver, shot his wife through the body, from which wound she died at once. The new born babe was next fired at with the same result. He next shot and killed another of his children. His sister-in-law, Miss Lowber, was then selected and fired at, the ball passing through the arm and lodging somewhere in the shoulder. As this emptied his revolver he proceeded to load his shotgun in order to complete the work.

A slight mistake in this was the only thing that stopped the deadly proceedings. The powder was poured into one barrel, and, by error, the shot in the other. With this he endeavored to blow off the head of another child, but as there was nothing except powder in the barrel the child's face was only severely burned by the explosion. A heavy blanket was seized and wrapped round the suffering child, and this was securely bound by a heavy wire in the hope that he might accomplish by suffocation what he had failed in with the gun. The child will recover, though fearfully disfigured about the face.

The murderer then mounted a horse and started across the fields toward Marena, with the avowed purpose of killing his wife's mother and father. Before he could accomplish this, however, the wounded young lady made her way to the village and notified the inhabitants of what had happened, and they had congregated for resistance. On seeing that his plan had been frustrated, Purple hastened to Jetmore and surrendered himself to the authorities. There he was placed in jail and surrounded by a heavy guard. Last night a mob of one hundred men went in quietly to the jail and demanded the prisoner, and he was delivered to them with little ceremony. He was then taken back to the scene of his crime and hanged to a tree.

Only one member of the family escaped serious injury, and that was the murderer's little boy, who had concealed himself under his bed when he heard his father coming.

THE POLICE CALL IT A PLOT.

Dr. O'Sullivan Accused of Trying to Defame His Divorced Wife.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, his divorced wife Katie and Horace Latto, a dentist, all of Brooklyn, were prisoners at the Twelfth Precinct Police station in that city the other day. O'Sullivan on the charge of attempting to shoot his wife, and Latto and Mrs. O'Sullivan as witnesses. The shooting occurred in the rooms of the dentist at No. 1,589 Fulton street, Brooklyn, where Mrs. O'Sullivan claims to have gone to have her teeth filled. O'Sullivan, on the contrary, charges that an improper intimacy exists between Mrs. O'Sullivan and Latto, and that enraged at detecting them together he endeavored to shoot them. The police are disposed to discredit the husband's story and intimate that the affair is the result of a deliberate plot engineered by O'Sullivan to secure the annulment of the order compelling him to pay alimony to Mrs. O'Sullivan, upon whose application a limited divorce was recently granted.

Mrs. O'Sullivan is a pretty brunette, 23 years old. Her divorced husband is a man turned 40. According to her story she made an engagement with Dentist Charles Latto to call at his office and have her teeth filled. At noon the other day the dentist's younger brother, Horace Latto, 19 years old, called at her residence, No. 485 Macon street, and asked her to go then instead. Mrs. O'Sullivan consented and reached the office about 2:30 o'clock. She removed her hat and wrap, and while waiting for young Latto to come from a rear room with the gold filling, she heard the report of a pistol and felt a pain in her right elbow. Turning around with a shriek, Mrs. O'Sullivan saw her former husband aiming a pistol at young Latto. As she fell to the floor the doctor fired at him. One bullet took a piece out of Mrs. O'Sullivan's sleeve and the other buried itself in the wall. O'Sullivan seized young Latto, and pointing the pistol at his head, ordered him to confess.

"There's no use denying it," exclaimed the dentist. "We've been caught."

At this juncture Policeman Muldoon came in and placed the parties under arrest. Upon reaching the station O'Sullivan said to his wife:

"Now, Katie, if you will only confess all you will be all right, and the newspapers won't get hold of it." "Do you think I would perjure myself and swear away my honor for you?" the little woman exclaimed. "No! even if that accomplice of yours there (pointing to Latto) is cur enough to lie for you, I won't."

O'Sullivan and Latto were locked up, the latter being held as a witness. Mrs. O'Sullivan was detained in Capt. Folke's office until a bondsman arrived. Then she was released on \$500 bail.

The captain questioned all three very closely. Latto sustained the husband's story, but had not the appearance of a person who had come within an ace of having his brains blown out, and this excited the captain's suspicion. He could not give any satisfactory reason for asking Mrs. O'Sullivan to call at the office, and this increased the captain's suspicions. On the other hand Mrs. O'Sullivan proved that she asked her sister to accompany her to the office and did not want to go without her.

Mrs. O'Sullivan has a singular history. When her father, Wm. S. Gardner, took up his residence in Herkimer street, near Ulster avenue, she was a child in short dresses. O'Sullivan made her acquaintance in a drug store which he then owned at No. 1553 Fulton street. About two years ago he began calling on Miss Gardner. On Dec. 5 last they were married in the presence of lawyers representing both parties, and nobody knew of the ceremony excepting Miss Gardner's family. The reason for this came out in the Supreme Court afterwards, when she sued O'Sullivan for a limited divorce. She satisfied the jury that she had been compelled to marry him, alleging that one evening in 1885, when her parents were in the country, O'Sullivan had drugged and ruined her in her father's house. O'Sullivan vainly endeavored to have judgment, which gave his wife \$5 a week alimony, set aside, but after five attempts failed. They never lived together a day.

To a reporter Mrs. O'Sullivan said the other night: "I never liked him, but he forced his attentions upon me. He was twenty-two years older than me, and there was nothing about him that would win a young girl's love. He has threatened to kill my father and sister as well as myself, and yesterday he nearly succeeded. Does it look as though I had an engagement with Latto when I begged my sister to go with me? Detectives have been hired to watch me in order to make me do something rash. There is a woman in this neighborhood whom O'Sullivan has been going to see and is anxious to marry, but the limited divorce stands in the way."

"My husband was secreted in that room when I went in. The main door was not opened until the people who heard the shooting came in. If this does not kill my poor father I will expose the plot."

Mr. O'Sullivan's family are well-to-do and are well connected in New England.

A GREEN BRAKEMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

D. L. & W. trainmen of late, says the Elmira Gazette, have been enjoying much sport with a green brakeman who has not yet familiarized himself with the duties of his position. He was sent back by his engineer the other day to open a crossing. He accomplished his undertaking by tearing down several panels of fence. He was next seen out on the pilot with a broom frantically endeavoring to brush the fog away from the headlights so the engineer could see the rails.

A CURIOUS HERMIT.

Felling Timber at Night Only, and Reading in Bed by Day.

Out in Clinton Hollow, Dutchess County, a region noted for fine farms, black snakes, bull heads, and generous farmers, is an odd character, says the New York Tribune, whose solitary life is the cause of many rumors. A reporter happened to stumble across him, so to speak, while journeying along the road from Pleasant Plains to Long Pond on a fishing excursion, one day last week, and learned some curious facts.

Four score years ago Charles Shultz was born on a farm not far from his present hermitage. He was the only son of wealthy parents, and received a college education, proving an apt scholar. After being graduated with high honors he returned to Dutchess County over fifty years ago, and settled on a farm of 300 acres adjoining his birthplace, the property being the gift of his parents. But husbandry was not to his taste. He cared nothing for agriculture, and from the start neglected his crops and his cattle, and devoted his time to study. Thus he acquired a vast amount of information, having a wonderfully retentive memory.

Fifteen years ago, as a result of his indifference, the farm, in every way impoverished, was sold. He rented a smaller place and lived as before, having a sufficient amount of money for his support. Three years ago, on a hillside, he built a rough hemlock house, 20 feet square, and has since occupied it. Yet he is not entirely alone in the shanty. His cousin, Kate Shultz, who calls herself Catharine Knickerbocker, keeps house for him. She is a quaint old woman, seventy-five years of age. The interior of the house consists of one square room with the ground for a floor, excepting one boarded corner. Two stoves, two rough beds, and a plank table on benches make up the furniture. At night the family is increased by two cows, a lot of chickens, and some pigs. Catharine Knickerbocker has also two trick dogs which she calls her "dancers."

Shultz is grim and grizzly. His features were originally classical in outline, but exposure has furrowed his face. Intelligence is stamped on his broad brow. His black eyes are sharp and penetrating, but their glance is restless. His clothes hang loosely upon him and are greasy. His hat is grayer still. His gait and carriage are somewhat remarkable. He turns his toes in and inclines his body at an angle of almost 45 degrees when he walks. He almost invariably carries a bag upon his shoulder.

Of Shultz's habits many strange incidents are recorded. Though he cuts large quantities of timber, not a tree is felled by daylight. After dark he goes alone into the gloomy woods back of his hemlock den and labors with surprising results. His trimming and hauling are likewise done at night. What the bats and foxes think of his performances is hard to tell. He is said to spend the most of the day in bed reading. Some time ago during a terrible storm his nearest neighbor, solicitor for Shultz, ventured to journey to Hemlock Roost. Getting no response to his knock, he entered the forbidden portals and found the old man, fully dressed, lying in bed, with a book in one hand. The other hand grasped an old umbrella, which was raised over the hermit and in part protected him from a stream of water which was pouring through the roof. The visitor withdrew without improving Shultz's arrangements for a rainy day.

Shultz is considered the encyclopedia of the vicinity. If the farmers are in doubt as to some point on which their education has been neglected they always seek for the hermit's decision and generally accept it as final. The recluse is acknowledged to be an excellent horse doctor, and naturally his services as a veterinary surgeon are in demand. But his efficiency is marred by one of his peculiarities. He never answers a question promptly, but always says he will "look it up" and tell next day. Therefore afflicted animals sometimes die because of the hermit's procrastination. If the beast can stand it twenty-four hours, Shultz, as a rule, will appear to cure him. He is ever ready with his answer "on the morrow," though just how he refreshes his memory or where he consults his authorities has always been a mooted question with the good farmers of Clinton Hollow.

Shultz seems to be entirely governed by a disposition never to do to-day what he can put off until to-morrow. He is proverbially sloth like in everything he undertakes. Two years ago he prepared timber for a new home, and still the timber lies scattered with a profusion and confusion which do not seem to trouble Shultz in the least. He has cut enormous quantities of wood, but will never sell a stick of timber.

A single incident will suffice to show that Shultz does not admire inquisitive natures and also that he is not entirely devoid of humor. Last spring while he was building a line fence between a corner of his property and the land of his neighbor, the neighbor asked:

"Shultz, why are you putting up that fence?" "Oh," responded the hermit, "I've got the devil on that side of me and I'm going to keep him there!"

The neighbor then remembered it was time to milk the cows and departed. Shultz never drank liquors, chewed or smoked tobacco, and is of good moral character. Religious topics he does not care to discuss. That he is rather absent-minded has been proven by several circumstances. One day last winter when a Dutchess county blizzard was in full sway Shultz harnessed his team early in the morning, tied his horses to a post near his shanty, and went in the house for a basket. At 5 o'clock that afternoon a neighbor discovered the nearly-frozen and unblanketed team and went to the house to investigate the matter. Shultz, as usual, was in bed, dressed, as he had prepared himself for a journey to Clinton Hollow store, hat, boots and overcoat on, and a book in his hand. When reminded about the horses he arose and without comment proceeded to take them back under the shed which serves as a barn and care for them.

Shultz, when walking or driving, will rarely look behind him. One day not long ago the attention of a farmer driving behind him was attracted by the uncertain movements of Shultz' old vehicle moving ahead. The wagon was heavily loaded, and one of the hind wheels showed a decided disposition to fall off without much further provocation. The farmer bailed Shultz lustily, but if the hermit heard he heeded not. Onward wobbled the wagon until just as his solicitor neighbor succeeded in attracting Shultz' attention there was an ominous crack and down came wagon, load, and hermit in a heap. Investigation showed that only two spokes were in the hub of the crazy wheel, and Shultz said he had intended making repairs but neglected to do so. The concern was taken home in tow. Once when Shultz was said to be ill a doctor

called to see him. The hermit was, as usual, lying dressed on the bed, and evidently was suffering from fever. When the doctor suggested a mustard bath for the feet Shultz responded that unless it could be applied outside of his boots he would not consent to the treatment. The physician at first thought his patient was jesting, but soon learned, much to his discomfort, that the hermit was in earnest. The doctor went home without a fee. Shultz health has been remarkably well preserved, and he has never suffered serious illness. He is said to possess a comfortable fortune. It is known that he has good bank accounts in Poughkeepsie, and just how his money will be distributed after his death is a much-mooted question in Clinton Hollow.

A RAIL FOR MR. HAIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The quiet little village of Mayville, N. Y., was turned upside down on Nov. 9 by an attempt to ride an obnoxious man on a rail. A year ago Ed. Haight, a married man of Westfield, was on jail limits there, and formed the acquaintance of Mrs. F. Davidson. The villagers became scandalized at their conduct, and have for a long time been planning to show their contempt for Haight. This evening a crowd of fifty business men and boys were gathered in front of Fireman's Hall, when the pair passed on their way to High School Hill, and went into the school yard. The crowd followed. Mrs. Davidson escaped, but Haight was caught, thrown down, his hands tied, his eyes blindfolded, and a rail was being placed between his legs preparatory to riding him out of town, when Sheriff Lake and Deputy Merrill, attracted by Haight's cries of "Murder!" appeared.

The crowd ran away, except two innocent onlookers, who were arrested. They were released on their own recognizance. Haight induced the Sheriff to guard him to the Odell House. The whole village hooted him on the way. He is keeping indoors. A big crowd is waiting on the street, prepared to give him a warm reception should he appear.

Haight's family is highly respected. His wife is an invalid. The most law-abiding men in town took part in this evening's demonstration, and threats are numerous that, unless Haight keeps away from Mayville, the punishment that was interrupted this time will be carried out. Haight says he lost a hundred dollars during the row in the school yard, but he does not think enough of the cash to venture out to find it.

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH TRAMPS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A gang of ten desperate tramps, full of liquor, came into the village of Annville, Pa., late on Thursday night week, entered the saloon of Peter Bachman and, with chairs and spittoons, made a general assault on the proprietor and a few other men who were there. In a short time the place was wrecked and looted. An alarm summoned fifty determined citizens, who came armed. The half-drunken assailants were likewise armed with revolvers and knives, and a desperate conflict at once opened between them. Notwithstanding the great odds against the rioters, they kept in a solid body and fired several rounds into the citizens and then attacked with knives. Five men were seriously cut and otherwise wounded.

Adam Bishop, a citizen, received a severe slash with a razor on the cheek, his assailant having made a frightful lunge at his throat with his deadly weapon; Henry Herr was stabbed in the breast; Adam Johnson was wounded in the head, and Thomas Hennings received an ugly gash in the head.

Two of the tramps were shot and captured. They gave their names as Hartung and Senef. They are desperate-looking, dark-skinned Germans. The latter had been arrested ten days before by County Detective Kershner, after being brought down with a revolver. He escaped, however, and late at night, when Constable Bodenborn took them to the Lebanon jail, Senef once more escaped. His wound in the shoulder proved no obstacle to his running and he escaped in the darkness. The other desperado, who was wounded in the hip, was locked up. The balance of the gang escaped to the woods.

HER MONKEY JACKET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A well-known New York correspondent says: The jacket shown to me by Blanc had been made for a friend of mine, with whose figure I am as familiar as my own. I was not surprised to observe that its waist measure was unduly slim, and at sight of it I sighed in sympathy with her sufferings to come; but the enormous distension of the breast astounded me, for I had already seen some of her winter gowns and they had not indicated any such radical change in her bust lines. Blanc saw my gaze of wonder.

"Mam'selle will adopt a whim of her own when she goes promenading in this jacket," he said. "You already know that strange pets are to come into vogue—that the dog is to be rivaled by cats and monkeys. Well, Mam'selle told me that she meant to take a small monkey out with her instead of her discarded poodle; and, as the creature would shiver to death if exposed to cold weather, she had planned a warm nest for him inside her jacket. I believe the idea will take among the young ladies, and that tiny dogs, cats, and occasionally a monkey, will be fashionably carried in that manner."

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Talk about romance upon the stage! It isn't a marker to that which goes on before the footlights. When Mantell produced "Tangled Lives" for the first time in—well, say Baltimore—the curtain had risen when a party of three came into the theatre. It consisted of two ladies and a gentleman. One of the ladies was the wife of a well known man of wealth and position. Their seats were in the middle of the row. As they passed in the wife humped against another woman who had remained seated with a gentleman. Instead of rising, as the rest of the people in the row had done. Looking down to apologize, the wife discovered that the man who remained seated was her husband, and the woman was his mistress, by whose side the injured wife was forced to sit throughout the play. The situation surpassed in "tangle" the scene on the stage.

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



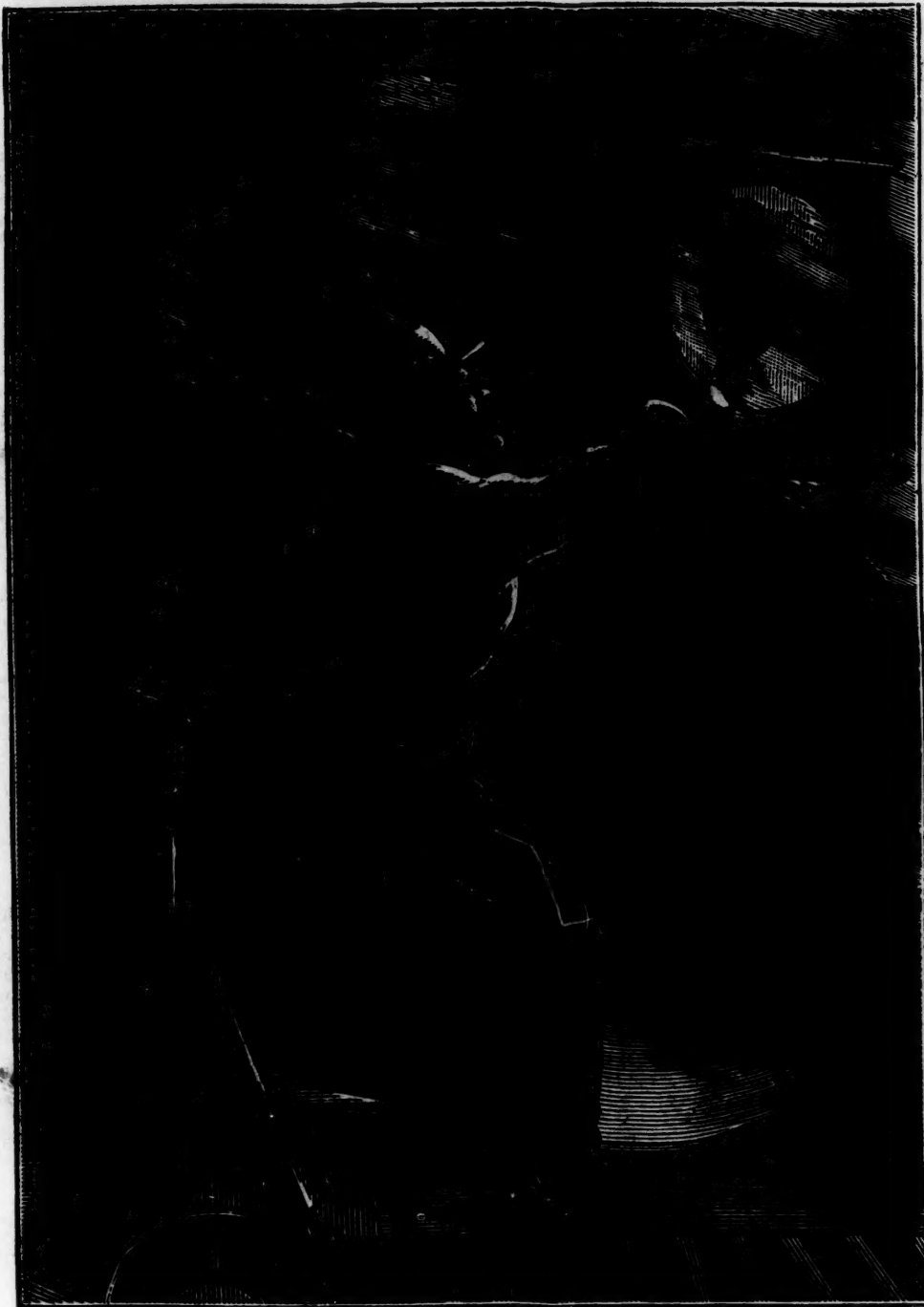
A FIT SUBJECT FOR A PARDON.

THE PATHETIC PARTING OF A BROKEN-DOWN PRISON-BOUND COUNTERFEITER
AND HIS LITTLE CHILD FRIEND AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



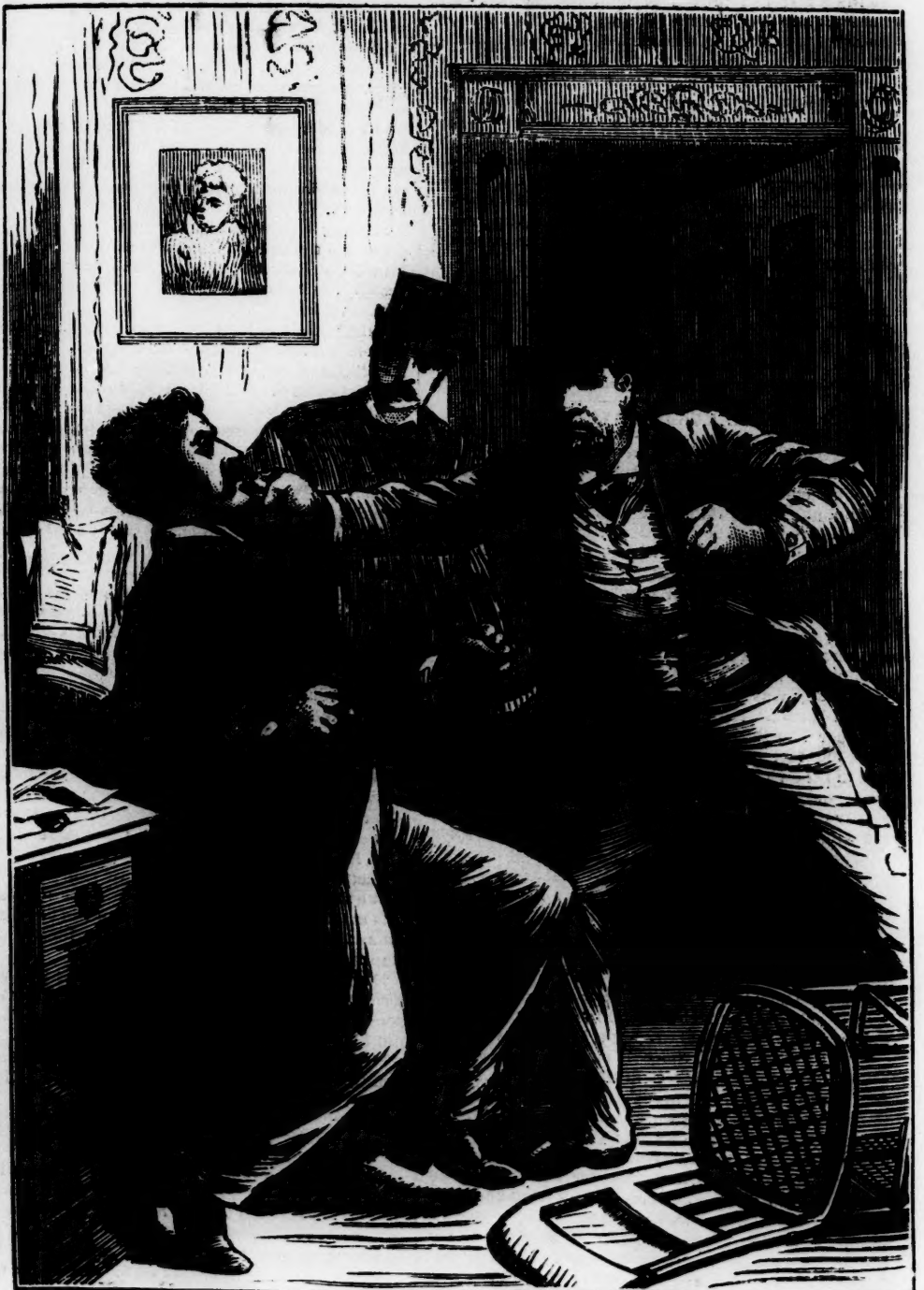
AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

HOW A BALTIMORE MARRIED WOMAN OUT ON A LARK DISCOVERED THE INFIDELITY
OF HER HUSBAND.



A FRESH BRAKEMAN.

THE GALLANT ATTEMPT OF AN ELMIRA, N. Y., TRAINHAND TO BRUSH AWAY THE
FOG FROM THE FRONT OF A HEADLIGHT.



MUSCULAR CRITICISM.

HOW THE EDITOR OF A ST. LOUIS NEWSPAPER WAS VIGOROUSLY INTERVIEWED
BY ONE OF HIS READERS.



THE LADY AND HER LORD.

VIOLET CAMERON AND THE EARL OF LONSDALE AS SEEN ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR LAST APPEARANCE TOGETHER
ON THE STAGE OF THE CASINO, NEW YORK.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the
Arenic Events of the Week.

Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Dunn will meet for a purse in private shortly.

Denny Kelleher and John Dickerson fought a draw in 6 rounds at Philadelphia on Nov. 12.

Billy Frazier, whom Jack McAuliffe recently whipped, has been challenged by Charley Ellingsworth.

John Wood defeated John Lynch in the middle-weight boxing tournament at Clark's Olympic theatre, Philadelphia, last week.

A purse of \$200 is offered by Harry Maynard for a fight to a finish between Meehan and Charley, to take place at the Pacific Athletic Association Rooms, San Francisco.

L. S. McGregor, the "St. Joe Kid," put in a busy week, ending last Saturday night, Nov. 13, at the Comique, Philadelphia. He boxed Kelly, Mike Boden, Jack Dougherty and Jack Langdon.

Arthur Chambers will back Jimmy Mitchell to fight any 135-pound man in the country. Chambers says Mitchell shall fight Jack McAuliffe, who recently defeated Billy Frazier, of Boston, at any weight.

Jack Brady is anxious to meet Burke, and will find backing to any reasonable amount if "the Irish lad" will give him a show after his meeting with Dempsey. Brady wants a fight to a finish, and will not entertain any other proposition.

Alf. Power, who is training Sparrow Golden, has a record "par excellence," having trained John L. Sullivan, Charles Mitchell, Jack Dempsey, Jack Fogarty, Jimmy Carroll and any number of others, none of whom ever lost when Alf. was behind them.

Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, challenges Billy Lynn, of Butte City, Mont., or John Cunningham, of Silverton, Col., to fight to a finish with kid gloves or bare knuckles, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 a side. Lynn and Cunningham to be any weight; or will fight any man in the world of his age or weight, 45 years and 130 pounds.

Frank Stevenson offers to match Kilrain to box eight or ten rounds or to a finish for \$1,000 a side, Peter Nolan, Dom. McCaffrey, Jack Burke, Frank Gloyer, Paddy Ryan, Patsy Cardiff and Pat Killen. With regard to the latter two Stevenson has written Mr. C. W. Ryder, of the Minneapolis Tribune, to arrange for either to box Kilrain eight or ten rounds at St. Paul or Minneapolis.

Den. McAuliffe, of Louisville, one of O'Leary's backers, claims that the latter was sick when he fought Warren and that he had been sick for three days previous to the fight. Besides it is claimed that O'Leary was dosed and shamefully handled while training. While on the other hand a friend of Warren telegraphs the POLICE GAZETTE that "O'Leary acted like a dung-bill rooster."

The result of the glove contest between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, at San Francisco, proved conclusively that Sullivan is Ryan's superior as a boxer. We have always maintained that fact ever since Sullivan conquered Ryan at Mississippi City. Although Ryan is not as great a boxer as Sullivan, he can boast of being very gentlemanly and the Apollo Belvidere of the prize ring.

Ed. F. Mallahan denies, through the "Police Gazette," to return thanks to Chief Detectives S. H. Froehner, John E. Charles, Sergeant Ryan, Detective Hagan, Manager J. P. Shannon, Carrollton Hotel, Charles Carroll, Wm. Bishop, proprietor Herring Run Track; Mr. Roache, Baltimore American, and Mr. Evans, The News, for courtesies extended him during his recent visit to Baltimore.

Harry Maynard emphatically denies the statement made by The Daily Report (San Francisco) that he was the means of getting the police to raid the rooms of the California Athletic Club on Oct. 29. He is not afraid that any one who knows him will suspect him of doing anything so mean and underhanded, but he makes his contradiction public in order to disabuse the minds of any who may be influenced by the lies of his enemies.

Jack Kilrain stopped Joe Godfrey in two rounds at the Theatre Comique last Monday. Godfrey did very well in the first round, doing his full share of the fighting. He also opened well in the second round, but after one or two passes Kilrain got in a right-hand swinging blow on the stomach which doubled him up, and then punched him on the jaw as he was going down. Godfrey failing to come to time, Referee Mike Cleary declared Kilrain the winner.

The Music Hall, Prairie du Chien, Wis., was the scene of two knock-outs during an athletic exhibition given there on Oct. 23. The first, a 4-round contest between Christy Murphy, announced as the champion middle-weight of Boston, and Patsy Melin, champion of the Northwest, ended in the knocking out of the bean eater in the second round. Geo. Phalen, of Canada, and Joe Carter, two feather-weights, followed. Three rounds were fought, when Phalen was knocked out.

Geo. Macarthur, of East New York, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows: "I have never been defeated in the prize ring by any one, reports of chumps to the contrary notwithstanding. I would like to meet the chump who got in the East New York car last Saturday night and told the conductor he whipped me for a purse at Coney Island a few weeks back. If those who brag of having defeated me will put up a deposit to make a match I will cover it immediately."

Billy Madden, previous to the meeting between John Ashton and Jack Kilrain said: "I consider Kilrain the next best man to Sullivan in the country, and if Ashton wins in the coming fight I will match him against the big fellow." The fight was given to Kilrain, though both stood out the limited number of rounds. Neither gained a knock-out, nor was one more exhausted than the other at the finish. Another meeting between the two, without limit to the number of rounds, would bring a big gate.

Gloucester, Salem and Beverly sports to the number of 28 collected in the woods on the Magnolia road near Gloucester, Mass., to witness a fight for a purse of \$75 on Nov. 11, between Dick Morehouse and Billy Ryan. A Salem man was selected referee. The ring was not pitched in as level a place as might have been selected. It was slippery and afforded poor foothold. The two men were not to work by the referee for 3-minute rounds. Morehouse's friends were numerous, but very few wagers were accepted. Both gladiators commenced with work upon each other's bodies, and heavy blows were exchanged. During one round Ryan fell, striking his head against a rock, which resulted in a cut and some blood. This circumstance materially affected the condition of the Gloucester man. Both fighters avoided defacing the head and face. Several times Ryan went down, but pluckily continued to get up and take his punishment. But for his accident he would have made a longer fight. The scrimmage lasted through 9 rounds, and Ryan was very groggy and pretty well used up, though not much marked. The heavy blows of Morehouse upon Ryan's body had no effect. Morehouse got the best of the fight, which was pronounced by those who saw it as being a most plucky one. A purse was made up for the losing man.

Bill Davis, of this city, and John Kenny, of Holyoke, Mass., pounded each other for 2 hours and 13 minutes on the morning of the 12th inst. for a purse of \$100 at a place in Westchester county. Two-nance gloves were used. Davis is twenty-one years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighed 117 pounds. Kenny is eighteen years old, 5 feet 4 1/2 inches tall and weighed 116 pounds. Davis wore blue knee trunks and Kenny had on lavender tights. Both were stripped above the waist. Kenny's seconds were Tommy Danforth, the featherweight champion, and William Kinney, while Jack Smith and Jack Farrell looked after Davis. The referee is a well-known amateur sportsman, and Louis Berte was time-keeper. Davis and Kenny had fought two battles previous to this meeting and neither had been able to prove victor. Their last fight was with kid gloves, and they then fought 23 rounds without a decision being given in favor of either. At the call of time the men advanced to the center of the ring and shook hands. Sparring for an opening followed and Davis led, but was short. For three rounds they fought in a wary manner, but in the fourth they warmed to the work and did effective punching. It was not until

the eighth round, however, that the effects of the blows became apparent. Kenny first hoisting colors of distress by showing a blackened optic. Blood had flowed before then, but it was hardly apparent, simply trickling from Kenny's nose, Davis being allowed first blood. In the twelfth round the men fought furiously, and Davis knocked Kenny off his feet by a right-handed cross counter under the jaw. The plucky little fellow was soon on his feet and in a rally he fell. Then for five rounds the men contented themselves by vigorous punching at long range, their attacks being clean and clever, and exciting admiration from those who knew what clever boxing is. In the eighteenth round Kenny planted a terrific right-hander on Davis's ear, and the New Yorker staggered. The next round was fought in a hurricane manner and both were staggering from weakness when time was called. The twentieth round saw both men determined to end the battle quickly and they both fought fast. In a bustle they clinched and fell with Davis underneath. An exchange of knock downs took place in the twenty-first round, Kenny being sent down first and retaliating a moment later by knocking Davis off his feet. In the twenty-second round Kenny forced the fighting, and rushed Davis so fast that the latter fell in attempting to escape the onslaught. They were then fighting 4 minutes to the round instead of three and so until the end. The exchange of blows in the twenty-fourth round was rapid, and Kenny's left eye closed. Davis' nose was out of shape, and the faces of both were not in a condition to excite envy. The twenty-fifth round was very exciting. Kenny knocked Davis down and stood over him until ordered to his corner, and to the finish of the round the men fought like demons. When time was called for the twenty-eighth round, both men were weak, but Kenny went at Davis as if to annihilate him. The Holyoke lad showed blows on his antagonist and drove him before him round the ring. A clinch on the ropes followed, and Davis claimed a foul. He said it was the third time Kenny had committed a breach, and exclaimed: "I'll not fight longer." He tore off his gloves and put on his coat. He agreed to continue, however, and fighting was resumed. They met in the center of the ring and in a bustle both went down, and Davis again claimed "foul." Davis was the stronger in the twenty-ninth round and he hammered Kenny in an unmerciful manner, until the boy from Massachusetts fell under the punishment. The thirtieth round began with both pugilists so weak that they could do but little punishment. Kenny braced himself, and as Davis went towards him planted a crushing blow on the face. Davis staggered and fell against Kenny, who was so weak that he also went down. They arose and went at each other like gamecocks and they fell together again. The thirty-first round showed the men in a pitiable condition. Bruised beyond recognition, and so weak that standing erect was an impossibility, they essayed to fight with that bulging gameness that distinguished them in their previous fights. Kenny received a blow on the ribs that sent him on his hands and knees, and he attempted to smile as he struggled to his feet. Then he planted a hot one on Davis' jaw, and they clinched, falling together through the ropes and out of the ring. Upon resuming the fight, Kenny got home a solid blow on Davis' face, and Davis went to the floor in a heap, but he struggled to his feet and gamely continued the fight. Another clinch followed and again the men fell between the ropes and out of the ring. Upon arising Kenny rushed at his opponent and planting a hot one on the ear caused Davis to go to the floor. Davis rallied and a sharp bustle took place, which ended by the weak and battered pugilists falling side by side in the ring. Time was then called and the men went to their corners. At that juncture a proposition was made to have the fight decided a draw and have the purse divided. The principals were too weak to speak for themselves, but their seconds agreed and the money was given to the referee, who gave each man half of the purse.

In regard to the recent prize fight between Tommy Warren, of Louisville, and Patsy O'Leary, of Cincinnati, for \$1,000 a side and the featherweight championship of America, the *Register*, of Cincinnati, says: "It will go down in the annals of the prize ring as one of the greatest swindles on record. It is only second to the notorious Mac-Cobb." Barney prize fight fiasco in Canada several years ago, where all who attended were robbed only to see two men look at each other for 2 hours without striking a blow. The battle was a miserable affair, and nine out of every ten men who attended it believe it to have been a fixed job to skin unsuspecting suckers out of gate money. Be that part as it may, it was certainly a badly-managed affair from the start to the finish. The decision of the referee, Chas. Cawthorne, in giving the fight to Warren is looked on as little less than robbery. It was not the desire of the people to see the fight decided on a technical point. They wanted the contestants to go ahead and contest to a finish. The referee would have done the right thing had he ordered the men to fight on. Cawthorne is an inexperienced man, and he showed he was nervous while deliberating on his decision. When he finally announced it he did it in a trembling voice. "Five or six responsible men are willing to make affidavit that Cawthorne said foul when Warren struck the blow, and that the fight therefore belonged to O'Leary." It is doubtful if the history of the ring can produce such a brazen disregard for the comfort and convenience of the crowd as the managers of the alleged prize fight. They were on the beat from first to last. Money was what they wanted; a fight was but a secondary consideration. No one was to blame but the principals and their backers. They mutually agreed upon the referee, and consequently it was useless for either of the backers or the principals to grumble or protest against his decision, whether it was right or wrong. In the recent glove contest between Jack Kilrain and Frank Herald, at Herring Run, Baltimore, the backers of Kilrain claimed their man had won, simply because Kilrain had the best of the fighting during the 2 minutes they were allowed to exchange blows. The police stopped hostilities, one round was not finished, and the decision given was just the same as John Scanlan gave when the police stopped the Sullivan and Ryan contest at Madison Square Garden, which was "No fight," tantamount to no race. The Kilrain party claimed that it had been agreed that if the police laid "fired" that the man having the best of it should be declared the winner. If such a clause was inserted in the articles of agreement all we have to say is that such specifications amount to nothing, and that no honest referee would ever follow such a foolish and unscrupulous rule. It must be understood that when a man accepts the position of referee that he has not only to decide fairly upon the merits of the contestants, or principals, but he has to protect the thousands who wager and speculate on contests and competitions. For instance, suppose some admirer of Kilrain had wagered \$500 that he would defeat Herald, and he deposited the money in good faith, ready to lose it if Herald conquered Kilrain. At the time he wagered the money all that he knew about the affair is that Herald and Kilrain are to box ten rounds, according to Queensberry rules. He does not know that the parties have had the assurance to change the rules and agree that if the police interfere that the man having the best of the fight should be declared the winner. He is to be declared the winner. The battle is fought. On time being called there are a few exchanges. Herald rushes Kilrain to the ropes, and to all appearances done the most fighting. The police stop the battle before the men had fought a minute. The referee does not stop to consider. He is not thoroughly posted on prize ring rules and declares Herald the winner, although Herald did not conquer or defeat Kilrain, but merely because he displayed more fighting qualities to win during the few seconds the contest lasted. The party that wagered the \$500 on Kilrain and all those who backed him would lose their money. What would be his surprise. He would say Herald did not defeat Kilrain. No, but there was a private agreement that if the police interfered that the man having the best of it should be declared the winner. 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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Famous Baneoc, the home and birth place of many of the kings and queens of the American running turf, has become a matter of history, and the breeding farm of Pierre Lorillard, which produced a Wanda and a Dew Drop as well, is owner of the only American horse that ever won England's two greatest three-year-old events, the Derby and St. Leger, will be heard of no more as the birth place of future champions of the turf.

A bid of \$30,000 took Iroquois to Belle Mead Farm, in Tennessee. I am well within the mark when I say that the brown son of Leamington and Maggie B. is one of the most famous horses ever bred in America.

Iroquois, Foxhall and Parole are the only American horses that have left their names prominently upon the racing calendars of Europe, and by many the great three-year-old of 1891 is thought the superior. The question of supremacy, however, was never settled, for although Foxhall and Iroquois were racing in England at the same time, they never met.

Ormonde has placed the largest amount of stake money to his credit that has ever been won by any English race horse.

His success up to the present time include £3,008 (\$15,000) won as a two-year-old, and this year the Two Thousand, £4,000 (\$20,000); the Derby, £4,700 (\$23,500); the St. Leger, £4,475 (\$22,375), and other stakes, including the Hardwick, £2,438 (\$12,190), and the Champion stakes of about £2,000 (\$10,000).

Up to the present time the son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes has run nine times and credited the Duke of Westminster with nearly £24,000 (\$120,000).

Prior to this year the great horse Achievement held first place as a stake winner, with £22,422 (\$112,110).

Robert the Devil came second, with £17,854 (\$89,270), Bend Or third, with £17,517 (\$87,585) and West Australian, with £14,155 (\$70,775) fourth.

Hanlan and Beach are reported to have in a way patched up their difference. Beach, like a wise man, announces that he intends to retire with an unbroken record.

He has made \$50,000, he says, and proposes to spend the remainder of his days farming.

If he had said that at first instead of blowing so much he would have been wonderfully more admired than he will be now.

And yet he showed a remarkable amount of sagacity in coming to a resolution that it is to be hoped he will not allow himself to be fooled into breaking.

At thirty-six, notwithstanding that he may have blossomed comparatively late in life as Beach did, a man cannot expect to last long as a champion athlete.

His back gets stiffer and his muscles less pliable, and in the course of a very few years he is bound to meet a conqueror, with both youth and speed at his command. Beach has always shown extraordinary hardiness in his races; but he never proved himself so really clever as he has done now in announcing his retirement.

Beach's quitting the arena without giving him a trial is hard on Hanlan, who, as far as honor is concerned, is thus left completely stranded.

It is true he has an engagement on with Gaudaur, but that will not be fulfilled until next spring, and by that time the ex-champion may have grown rusty and be entirely unable to do himself justice.

It will be noticed that I said that Hanlan's trip will be without honor. But it will not be without profit.

Already he is hiring himself out to music halls, and I have reason to believe he will make a visit to certain parts of the continent and give exhibitions.

Before crossing the big ditch he stated his intention of being away five or six months, and it is safe to wager any money he does not intend to let all that time slip by without garnering something.

He will then, according to present arrangements, return to Canada about March.

He will necessarily be more or less feted while away, and then when he comes back some time will have to be spent in family matters and greeting old friends, so that it will be April before he will be ready to get into harness, and even then after a winter of luxury and comparative idleness, it is more than probable that he will be in no better condition the early part of the season of 1897 than he was in 1895.

Gaudaur, on the other hand, can be depended on to lay low and keep himself in at least fair condition during the winter, to be in readiness for the next campaign.

Hanlan's immediate chance there of regaining his ascendancy in aquatic circles is very much lessened by the turn things have taken.

I think Jerome Turner, 2:16 1-4, is one of the great trotting stallions, and with a few others is threatening to lower the stallion record. He is a bay horse of more than ordinary substance, and is a son of Byerly Abdullah, 1856, out of Nettie, a daughter of Tom Hal, 3000. Jerome Turner came out victor last year with 2:17 1/2 to his credit, and after trotting creditably through several meetings this summer he crowned himself with honor at Lexington, Ky., Sept. 4, by winning the "free-for-all" class in three straight heats—2:30 1/2, 2:16 1/2 and 2:15 1/2, yet the case with which it was done argues that he has not shown the full extent of his speed.

Arrangements are in progress in California for a race between Guy Wilkes, Harry Wilkes and Arab. A gentleman in this city has received a letter from a reliable source in California, saying that if either Harry Wilkes or Arab should happen to beat Guy Wilkes, "the present stallion record will look sick."

The number of descendants of George Wilkes that have reduced their records to 2:30 or better this year is nine, making the total number at present 53.

It is probable that an English team will be sent over to the international pigeon shoot announced to take place near this city next June.

A turf speculator writes:
The backer of horses, I've heard, is an ass,
And we know that the game don't pay;
Then why do we still give the 'Bookies' our brass?
Because we are built that way!"

The National Cyclists' Union are seemingly determined not to be ignored. The Secretary of the Newcastle Local Centre has written to a well known bicyclist informing him that unless he pays the entry fee due by him to the Committee of the Cover Challenge Cup Race Meeting within seven days he will be

suspended without further notice. If this law is put in force generally in England there will not be an amateur racing bicyclist left.

Gradually the bicycle record is being pulled down, and a speed that a few years ago would have been considered miraculous is now made by the ordinary rider, while the trained racing man is slowly but surely bringing down the record.

When a man can make a mile in two minutes and a half, seated in a saddle as comfortable as a palace car chair, steam or electricity would only be in the way. The wheel will banish the space so far as space needs to be banished, and in a little while a few seconds more will be clipped off of the bicycle records, when Maud S. will have to take a back seat.

The man with the greatest strength, and bull-dog rush about him is the best fighter according to the Queensberry rules, even when pitted against a most scientific sparrer.

The Queensberry rules have supplemented for the good old style of fighting in a twenty-four foot ring a system of matches in public halls, where large admission fees are charged.

Those old boxers who used to fight 50, 60 and 80 rounds, before winning or being vanquished, must have been pigmy fighters when compared to these Queensberry fighters, who knock each other out in 4 rounds.

Tom Sayers would be nowhere alongside some of these Queensberry fellows, were he in his prime to-day, and Yankee Sullivan, Hyer, Morrissey and Heenan would have had to drop their colors long ago.

Edward Hanlan has made many new friends in England by his manly appeal to Beach. And in perfect harmony with the change of affairs, the Australian has sacrificed some of his best acquaintances by his refusal to row the ex-champion.

An interesting statement has been worked out which shows the distance a trotting horse goes at each second at various rates of speed. Maud S., when she covered the mile in 2:08 1/2, traveled 41 1-3 feet per second. At a 2:30 gait a horse travels 37 1-2 feet per second. At a 2:25 gait he travels 38 1-2 feet per second. At a 2:20 gait he travels 39 1-2 feet in the same time. At a 2:15 gait he travels 40 1-2 feet; at a 2:10 gait the distance traveled is 41 1-2 feet; at a 2:05 gait, 42 1-2 feet; at a 2:00 gait, 43 1-2 feet; at a 1:55 gait, 44 1-2 feet; at a 1:50 gait, 45 1-2 feet; at a 1:45 gait, 46 1-2 feet; at a 1:40 gait, 47 1-2 feet; at a 1:35 gait, 48 1-2 feet; at a 1:30 gait, 49 1-2 feet; at a 1:25 gait, 50 1-2 feet; at a 1:20 gait, 51 1-2 feet; at a 1:15 gait, 52 1-2 feet; at a 1:10 gait, 53 1-2 feet; at a 1:05 gait, 54 1-2 feet; at a 1:00 gait, 55 1-2 feet; at a 59 1-2 gait, 56 1-2 feet; at a 58 1-2 gait, 57 1-2 feet; at a 57 1-2 gait, 58 1-2 feet; at a 56 1-2 gait, 59 1-2 feet; at a 55 1-2 gait, 60 1-2 feet; at a 54 1-2 gait, 61 1-2 feet; at a 53 1-2 gait, 62 1-2 feet; at a 52 1-2 gait, 63 1-2 feet; at a 51 1-2 gait, 64 1-2 feet; at a 50 1-2 gait, 65 1-2 feet; at a 49 1-2 gait, 66 1-2 feet; at a 48 1-2 gait, 67 1-2 feet; at a 47 1-2 gait, 68 1-2 feet; at a 46 1-2 gait, 69 1-2 feet; at a 45 1-2 gait, 70 1-2 feet; at a 44 1-2 gait, 71 1-2 feet; at a 43 1-2 gait, 72 1-2 feet; at a 42 1-2 gait, 73 1-2 feet; at a 41 1-2 gait, 74 1-2 feet; at a 40 1-2 gait, 75 1-2 feet; at a 39 1-2 gait, 76 1-2 feet; at a 38 1-2 gait, 77 1-2 feet; at a 37 1-2 gait, 78 1-2 feet; at a 36 1-2 gait, 79 1-2 feet; at a 35 1-2 gait, 80 1-2 feet; at a 34 1-2 gait, 81 1-2 feet; at a 33 1-2 gait, 82 1-2 feet; at a 32 1-2 gait, 83 1-2 feet; at a 31 1-2 gait, 84 1-2 feet; at a 30 1-2 gait, 85 1-2 feet; at a 29 1-2 gait, 86 1-2 feet; at a 28 1-2 gait, 87 1-2 feet; at a 27 1-2 gait, 88 1-2 feet; at a 26 1-2 gait, 89 1-2 feet; at a 25 1-2 gait, 90 1-2 feet; at a 24 1-2 gait, 91 1-2 feet; at a 23 1-2 gait, 92 1-2 feet; at a 22 1-2 gait, 93 1-2 feet; at a 21 1-2 gait, 94 1-2 feet; at a 20 1-2 gait, 95 1-2 feet; at a 19 1-2 gait, 96 1-2 feet; at a 18 1-2 gait, 97 1-2 feet; at a 17 1-2 gait, 98 1-2 feet; at a 16 1-2 gait, 99 1-2 feet; at a 15 1-2 gait, 100 1-2 feet.

Guy Wilkes, 2:15 1-4, is a bay stallion of evident individuality, and before him, barring misfortune, is a future bright with great promise. He is by George Wilkes, 519, and his dam is Lady Bunker, by Mambrino Patchen, 58, granddam Lady Dunn, the dam of Joe Bunker, who has a record of 2:19 1/2, and she is by American Star, 14.

Guy Wilkes began the 1896 season under a mark of 2:19 1/2, and in 1895, and at the close of his season he has reduced it, each time with seemingly some speed to spare, until now he has honored himself and his great sire by securing a record of 2:15 1/4 at Santa Rosa, Cal.

Hitherto the rivalry in fast records by young trotters has been confined to Kentucky and California, and Northern breeders seemed to have concluded that their geographical position precluded them from having any part in the honors, which were left to sunnier climes. There was that, it was supposed, in the climate of Kentucky which gave the young performer an advantage over those bred where winters are colder and summers open later. But events have shown this natural advantage to be more fictitious than real.

Last year the performance of Nelson, three-year-old record 2:28 1/2, and Lord Nelson, three-year-old record 2:26 1/2, awakened the far Northern breeders to the fact that even the comparatively rigorous climates of Maine and the Northwest presented no insuperable barrier to the production of great youngsters; and this year we have evidence that New York need lower her colors to no Southern neighbor in this regard.

The performance of Mamie Wood, the New York two-year-old that trotted a mile at Rochester in 2:27 1/2, throws completely into the shade the 2:29 1/2 of the Kentucky Nutcracker, Nutwood's precocious son. And now we see that Bente, a Northern-bred year-old that was sold at the Rochester meeting, has beaten all the Kentucky yearlings at quarter-mile heats.

The lottery of racing is of itself of unpleasantly large dimensions, and no man wants it increased. It is hard enough to make both ends meet and to get the shew of war for the winter's dreary rest with all things in one's favor, but the difficulties are increased many fold when the starting is bungled as it has been of late.

It is my opinion that the practice of fining jockeys is a mistake, especially as in very few cases does the fine come out of the rider's own pocket.

If a lad misconducts himself there is no punishment that will out home more smartly than suspension—not a suspension of an hour or two, as "Suspended from riding for the rest of the meeting" often means—but a suspension for a lengthened period, and should this fall then take away his license forever.

What a wonderfully interesting book it would make if we could discover how and why certain horses have lost or won the great events of the turf! The strange romances that would be revealed, the respectabilities and the honored names that would be tarnished, and the side views—through a very dark glass—it would give us of human nature, would be almost unique.

Now and again materials—as in the story we are about to relate—crop up, but they are only the stray leaves of a huge volume.

West Australian, in 1893, after winning the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, was in such excellent form that John Scott considered it a certainty that he would carry the St. Leger, for which he was also entered. Frank Butler having guided him to his two previous victories, was to be jockey at Doncaster, but, strange to say, in spite of his antecedents, the betting against West Australian became so heavy and was taken so readily that certain suspicious began to be entertained by his backers, and these suspicions gathered about his mount, Frank Butler.

On the night before the race, Colonel Anson and Lord Derby called upon Frank. The grand old "Rupert of Debate" took the bull by the horns. "Now, Butler, listen to me," said he. "If West Australian is beaten to-morrow, a match between him and his victor will at once be made to run over the St. Leger course, though it cost £10,000 to do it." That was all the earl said, but those who knew him were well aware he always kept his word. Next day West Australian won in a canter.

Football is destined to become the leading game of the late fall season, at least as the dealers in athletic goods say. The proficiency reached by the college teams in the game has aroused an interest which is steadily increasing.

The Association (English) game has many admirers in Pawtucket, Providence, Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence and other cities where there are mills with operatives hailing from England, and a spur to the game is promised.

Roller skating having been quite generally abandoned by its quondam devotees, ice skating will now become more popular than ever, owing to the tendency toward outdoor recreation in winter, which is fast developing. Dealers are giving large orders for ice skates and few orders for rollers.

I understand that Beach will engage in no more rowing contests.

Hanlan and Gaudaur will in future have to battle for the title.

LATEST SPORTING.

Fred Archer won 2,807 races in his sixteen years on the turf.

C. J. Paine, of Boston, offers for sale at cost, the yacht Mayflower.

Mambrino Time will be shaped up for a fast record next season.

Jack Phillips will give a spring meeting at Suffolk the second week in May, 1897.

H. M. Johnson and George M. Smith will run 125 yards on Dec. 6 at Pittsburg for \$500 a side.

The University of Pennsylvania football team defeated the Rutgers team recently by a score of 65 to 0.

The Spartan Harriers will hold a paper chase Thanksgiving day from the Franklin House, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Sire Brothers, of New York, have sold to Griffin Brothers, of Honesville, N. Y., the 5 s Abdullah Boy, 2:24 1/2, by Abdullah Messenger, for \$3,250.

F. M. Malone, the Australian sprinter, is promoter of a handicap to be run Dec. 15, 20 and 24 at Tempe, when 300 sovereigns with trophies will be awarded.

Asteroid, the once renowned race horse, died at the Woodburn Farm, Ky., Nov. 1, aged twenty-five years, having been foaled in 1861 by Lexington, dam Nebula, by Glencoe. Asteroid was never beaten.

A pigeon-shooting match for \$100 took place near Reading on the 9th inst., between J. Mercer and F. Yost and J. Houck and I. Houck. The latter team won by a score of 9 to 4 out of 10 live birds each.

Beach has decided not to retire, and he and Hanlan are now negotiating for a match on the Paramatta River, Australia. Hanlan offers to row on that course for £500 or £1,000 a side if £100 is allowed for expenses.

Nelly Pearson, of Philadelphia, for a wager of \$100 with Arthur Chambers, last week succeeded in making 100 rings within three hours with one pair of quoits at 18 yards, and had 16 minutes 30 seconds to spare.

Mr. Foxhall Keene's Hempton now holds the record for high jumping, having cleared 6 feet 8 inches at the New York Horse Show. P. F. Collier's Majestic cleared 6 feet 7 1/2 inches. The previous best record was 6 feet 6 inches, made by Fred Gebhard's Lee in 1884.

Anna Lotta, the two-year-old sister of Phil Thompson, 2:16 1/4, by Red Wilkes, dam by John Dillard, is likely to beat her brother's great record as a three-year-old, which was 2:31 in a third heat. She is like Phil in color and gait, and is coming to her speed just this week.

The race for the Liverpool Autumn cup of 1,000 sovereigns was run Nov. 11 at the Liverpool meeting. It was won by Lord Hastings' four-year-old bay colt Melton. E. Smithwick's four-year-old colt Kilemore was second and Sir F. Johnstone's three-year-old bay colt Candlemas third.

Edward Burris defeated Thomas Bullock in a 14-inch ball-line billiard match for Room Keeper's championship emblem at Thron's billiard parlors Philadelphia, Nov. 11th. Bullock conceded Burris 25 points, and was beaten 275 to 122 points. McLaughlin has challenged Burris to play for the emblem.

Jim Wynne's brindle-patched white dog Spot and Johnson's full brindle Daisy, fought in a Long Island pit Nov. 12. The fighting was fast and furious for 5 minutes, but Daisy soon showed her qualities and at the end of forty-five minutes was drawn. Daisy was badly punished and was pronounced "no good." The battle was for a small purse.

Milton Young, of the McGrathians Stud, Lexington, Ky., has purchased of J. B. Pryor, Holmdel, N. J., the b. m. Jersey Girl, six years, by King Ernest—Jersey Belle, by Australian; also, Fascination, ch. m., twelve years, by King Ernest, dam Knochness, by Lexington; also, the blk. m. Gift, six years, by Battle Axe—Tigress, by Lexington. All the above mares are bred to Leonard, son of Longfellow and Colleen Bawn.

The college football teams enjoyed an outing on Saturday, Nov. 15, and the lads had a good time at the expense of a few hard knocks. Despite the inclement weather some 2,500 persons witnessed the Princeton-Harvard game on Princeton's grounds. The grand stand presented a pretty bit of coloring lent by the bright wraps and bonnets of the ladies present. The game opened at 2:30, Harvard kicking away. The two teams as they stepped each other on the field were plainly not an even match, the superior weight of the Princeton men showing in their size. The average weight of the Princeton team was 168 pounds to 161 pounds for Harvard. Princeton's rush line had an average weight of 172 pounds against 165 pounds for Harvard's rushers. Harvard hardly hoped to win the game, and she didn't win it, though she kept Princeton's score down to two goals. It was a vigorous and well-played contest. The Princeton players are not only heavier men, but they are veterans of the game, while at Cambridge football has not held a prominent place in the curriculum of sports for two or three years. The element of weight is an important one in a football team in this Rugby game, because, despite its title, the feet are used very little in kicking the ball. It is a contest in butting and wrestling, in shouldering one's way through an opposing knot of brawny men, and by main force of strength and weight overcoming whatever human obstacle may present itself. Harvard played a spirited game, but Princeton knew more about football, and when time was called were 12 to Harvard's 0.

Touch Downs—Ames 2. Goals from touch down—R. Hodge 2.

The teams—Princeton rushers—Hodge, Cook, Cowan, George, Irvine, Moore and Wagonhorst. Quarter back—R. Hodge. Half backs—Price and Ames. Full back—Savage. Harvard rushers—Holden, Butler, Burgess, Brooks, Woodman, Remington and Harding. Quarter back—Pletcher. Half backs—Porter and Sears. Full back—Peabody. Walter Camp, of Yale, was referee.

The Wesleyan University and Lafayette College teams' game at Middletown, Conn., ended in the defeat of Lafayette by a score of 26 to 0. The home team played a scientific game. The teams were as follows:

Wesleyan—Rushers—Richards, Eaton, Fish, Wells (captain), Glenn, Morton and Floy. Quarter back—Steeleman. Half backs—Hamden and Smith.

Lafayette—Rushers—Guttlins (captain), Harry, Rhoback, Williams, Cummins, Overton and Beatty. Quarter back—Krick. Half backs—Camp and Payne. Back—Mallivane.

The annual Andover-Exeter football game was played in Andover and resulted in a defeat of the home team by a score of 25 to 0. This game is the feature of the year between New England's great preparatory schools and, takes the same rank as the Harvard-Yale game. A large delegation of Exeter men were present, and both schools yelled themselves hoarse in their endeavors to encourage their teams. Five men were hurt in the course of the game. Andover's eleven did little work, with the exception of Dennison, who did some good rushing, and Brainard, who worked a back handle tackle to perfection. Exeter played well as a team, and McPherran and Huntington showed up well individually. The teams: Exeter—Rushers—Brooks, Rhodes, Frasier, Horne, Cranston, Willard and Harding. Quarter back—Huntington. Half backs—McPherran (captain) and McClung. Full back—Morrison. Andover—Rushers—Shaw, Aldrich, Brainard, Hotchkiss, Perrin, Hamilton and Haskell. Quarter back—Bancroft. Half backs—Mowry and Dennison (captain). Full back—Graves.

On Yale's grounds, Yale defeated the University of Pennsylvania by the score of 75 to 0. It was the championship football game between the two colleges, and Yale won easily. Four men were disqualified for interference and slugging—Moffatt, of Princeton, was referee. The teams:

University of Pennsylvania—Rushers—Kline, Halme, Sypher, Taiter, Ashurst, Tunis, Dewey and Mill; quarter back, Downes; half back, Hulve; back, Graham.

Yale—Rushers—Wallace, Gill, Buchanan, Corbin, Woodruff, Wirtenberg, Strait, Robinson and Stagg. Quarter back, Beecher. Half backs—Watkinson and Morrison. Back—Bull.

The score was: Yale, 7 goals from touchdowns, 42; 1 field, 5; 1 touch-down, 25; total, 75. University of Pennsylvania, nothing. At New Brunswick Rutgers College class, '96, defeated class '99 of Stevens Institute by 18 to 0.

The Amherst College team defeated the Trinity College eleven at Amherst by a score of 16 to 8.

The Brooklyn Hills and Staten Island football teams played on the St. George grounds, Staten Island, without either team scoring a point, although the game lasted an hour.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

A READER.—Yes. D. L., Kansas City.—No. O. H. K., Bath.—B wins. M. O., Altoona.—A wins. K. L., Frankfort, Ky.—No. J. B., Lexington, Ky.—No. W. B. L., Harrisburg, Pa.—No. J. L., Philadelphia.—Republican. G. D., Norfolk, Va.—1. No. 2. John L. Sullivan. H. B., Port Henry.—1. No. 2. Our sporting editor was born in Toronto, Can.

J. G., Egypt, Ill.—The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1819.

R. M. C., London, Can.—Duncan C. Ross is the champion all-round heavy weight athlete.

K. C., Syracuse.—Write to Harry Jennings, corner Broome and Centre streets, New York city.

D. B., Kansas City.—Andy Noon was killed in the prize ring by Owen Swift in England in 1834.

C. O., Buffalo.—1. John L. Sullivan holds the title. 2. John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, N. Y.

H. M., Boston, Mass.—Joe Coburn was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 70, 1835.

D. W., Oshkosh, Wis.—Tom Cribb was the first pugilist on record to whom a champion belt was presented.

S. W., Olean, N. Y.—A small glove with about one-third the hair that is contained in an ordinary boxing glove.

W. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Tom O'Donnell, who fought Joe Winrow in New Orleans, was born in County Leitrim, Ireland.

R. H., Richmond, Va.—Charlie Ross (the original) has not been found. He was abducted from Philadelphia on July 1, 1874.

CHAR. WOLF, Green Ridge, Staten Island.—Did you witness the fight between Mike McCoolle and myself? Yes. JOSEPH CONWAY.

G. W., Newport, R. I.—1. Jack Dempsey was never beaten. 2. It was on Oct. 12, 1857, at Hartford, Conn., that Lance beat Flora Temple.

M. J., Boston.—Horses that are driven double require to be shod oftener than those driven in single harness. They wear out their shoes faster.

W. J. M., Leadville, Col.—Send twenty-five cents to this office for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the running records, etc.

S. G. A., Hardin, Iowa.—1. Sayers' arm was not broken. It was disabled. 2. Neither won the fight; it ended in a draw, both receiving belts.

S. Q., Baltimore, Md.—G. M. Robinson, of San Francisco, Cal., who boxed with John L. Sullivan, put up a 200 1/2 pound dumb-bell on Sept. 4, 1878.

F. M., Indianapolis, Md.—Australian Kelly and Jonathan Smith fought at Melbourne, Australia, in November, 1855. The battle lasted 6 hours 15 minutes.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—Edward Hanlan defeated Wallace Ross in two match races, viz: Oct. 15, 1877, on Toronto Bay, and July 31, 1878, on the Kennebecasis.

M. H. B., Omaha, Neb.—When Hyer fought Sullivan his (Hyer's) height was 6 feet 2 1/2 inches, weight 185 pounds, and age 30. The fight took place in Maryland.

D. Q., Annapolis.—No. 2. Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion" to this office. Jack Randall was born in London of Irish parents. He was never in America.

S. B. C., Cheyenne.—1. No. 2. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1-8 inches in height. 3. Putney the English runner was credited with running 11 miles in 57 minutes 20 seconds.

M. G., San Antonio.—1. No. 2. The height of Trinity Church steeple in New York city is said to be 285 feet. 3. The height of Bunker Hill monument is 220 feet. 4. Yes.

W. M., Holyoke, Mass.—1. Bob Caunt fought in this country and was defeated by Yankee Sullivan. 2. B wins. 3. Ben Caunt was in America and gave sparring exhibitions.

D. G., Pittsburg, Pa.—Belcher first introduced Harry Pearce, the "Game Chicken" in London. 2. Pearce stood 5 feet 9 inches in height and weighed 195 pounds in condition.

J. S., Lancaster, Pa.—G. W. Flagg and Duncan C. Ross met in a wrestling tournament at Bethel, Vt., Oct. 23, 1862. Ross won the catch-as-catch-can falls and Flagg the collar-and-elbow.

L. K., Macon, Ga.—Old Dutch Sam was born in London, Eng., April 4, 1775, and died July 8, 1816. 2. He beat Caleb Baldwin, Aug. 7, 1804, and Tom Belcher, Feb. 8, 1808, and Aug. 31, 1807.

D. B., Jacksonville, Fla.—1. Hanlan. 2. The Sirius and Great Western were the first steamships that arrived in this country from England. These vessels arrived off the Battery at New York June 7, 1858.

S. L., Augusta.—Sam Arnall won the first English Derby on Diomed, in 1780. He also rode a Derby winner in 1782, winning with Assasin. In 1787 he won with Sir Peter Teasie; in 1790 he won with Sir Harry.

J. S., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Tom Sayers' seconds when he fought John C. Heenan at Farnborough, England, on April 17, 1880, were Jimmy Welsh and Harry Brunton. 2. No. 3. Jim Mace was merely a spectator in Sayers' corner.

P. O., Italy, L. I.—1. Master McGrath won the Waterloo cup 3 times in 1864, 1869 and 1871. 2. Sea Cow won the cup in 1870. Commasie won the Waterloo cup twice, viz. in 1877 and 1878. 3. Lord Lurgan owned Master McGrath.

W. H., Montpelier.—1. Joe Coburn fought a draw with Ned Price May 1, 1856; beat Harry Gribbin Nov. 18, 1857; beat Mike McCoolle on May 5, 1863; fought a draw with Jim Mace on Nov. 30, 1870. 2. Mike Cleary weighs about 158 pounds in condition.

B. D., Jefferson City.—Dan Donnelly fought 3 battles defeating his opponent in each. These



A FIGHT WITH TRAMPS.

PETER BACHMAN'S SALOON AT ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, IS WRECKED AND LOOTED BY A PARTY OF DESPERATE AND DIRTY VAGABONDS.



HER MONKEY JACKET.

THE NEW GARMENT WHICH "SAWCY" DAMSELS ARE TRYING TO RING IN ON THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.



A GHASTLY FIND.

THE HEADLESS BODY FOUND NEAR CAIRO, ILLINOIS, BY THE CREW OF THE STEAMBOAT SIDNEY DILLON.



A WOMAN'S WOEFUL FATE.

THE BODY OF AN UNKNOWN FEMALE, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED, DISCOVERED IN MILL CREEK, NEAR DALTON, GEORGIA.



*FOUND HANGED.

THE BODY OF JIM PHILLIPS, AN AGED SLOOP MASTER, IS FOUND IN HIS CABIN OFF PELICAN ISLAND, GALVESTON, TEXAS.



A QUEER MISTAKE.

A COMELY MATRON OF FORTY SUMMERS DROPS INTO A BOSTON POLICE STATION AND ASKS THE SERGEANT TO PULL A TOOTH.



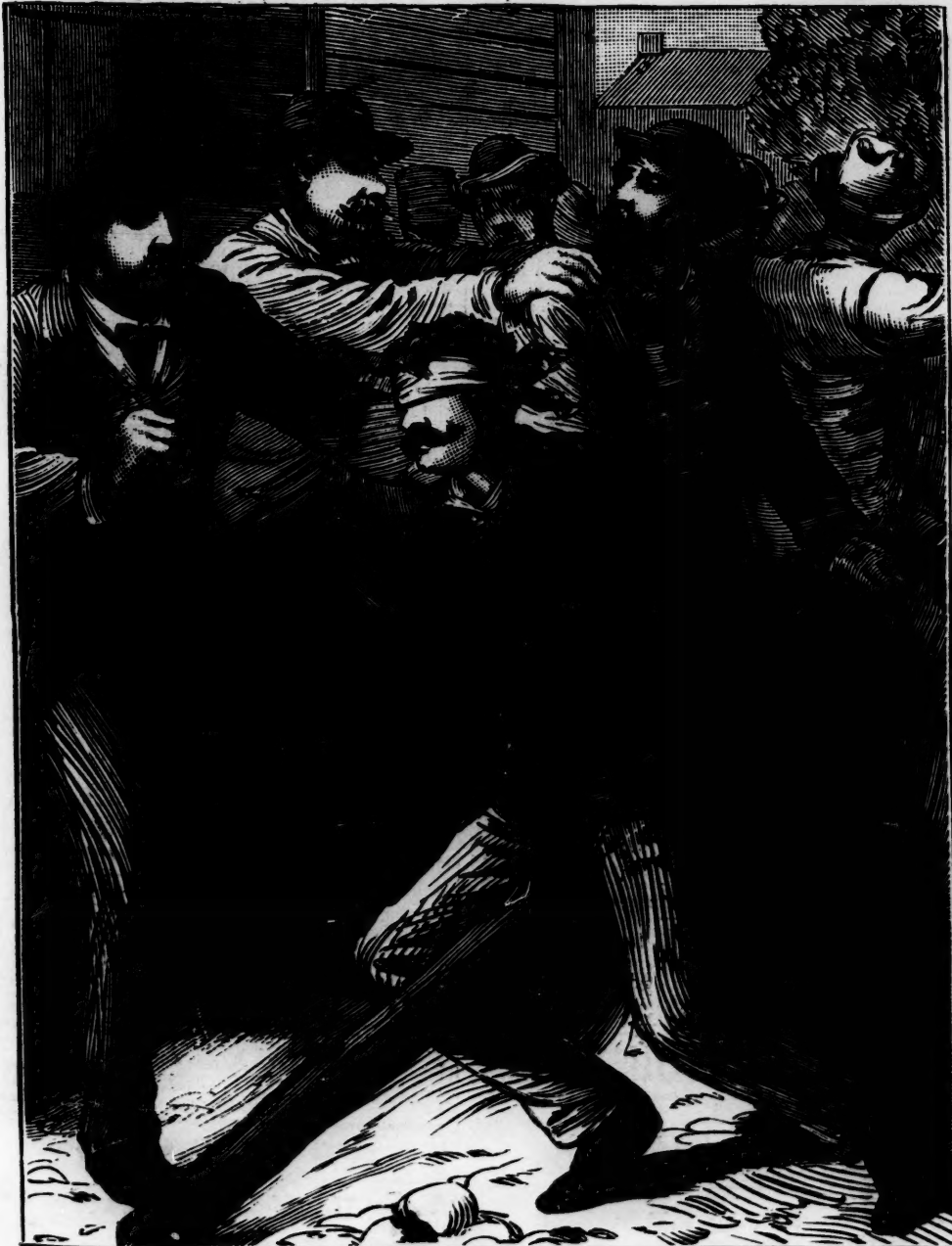
ED. WAGNER,
A NOTED BONIFACE AND SPORTING MAN OF
MARIETTA, OHIO.



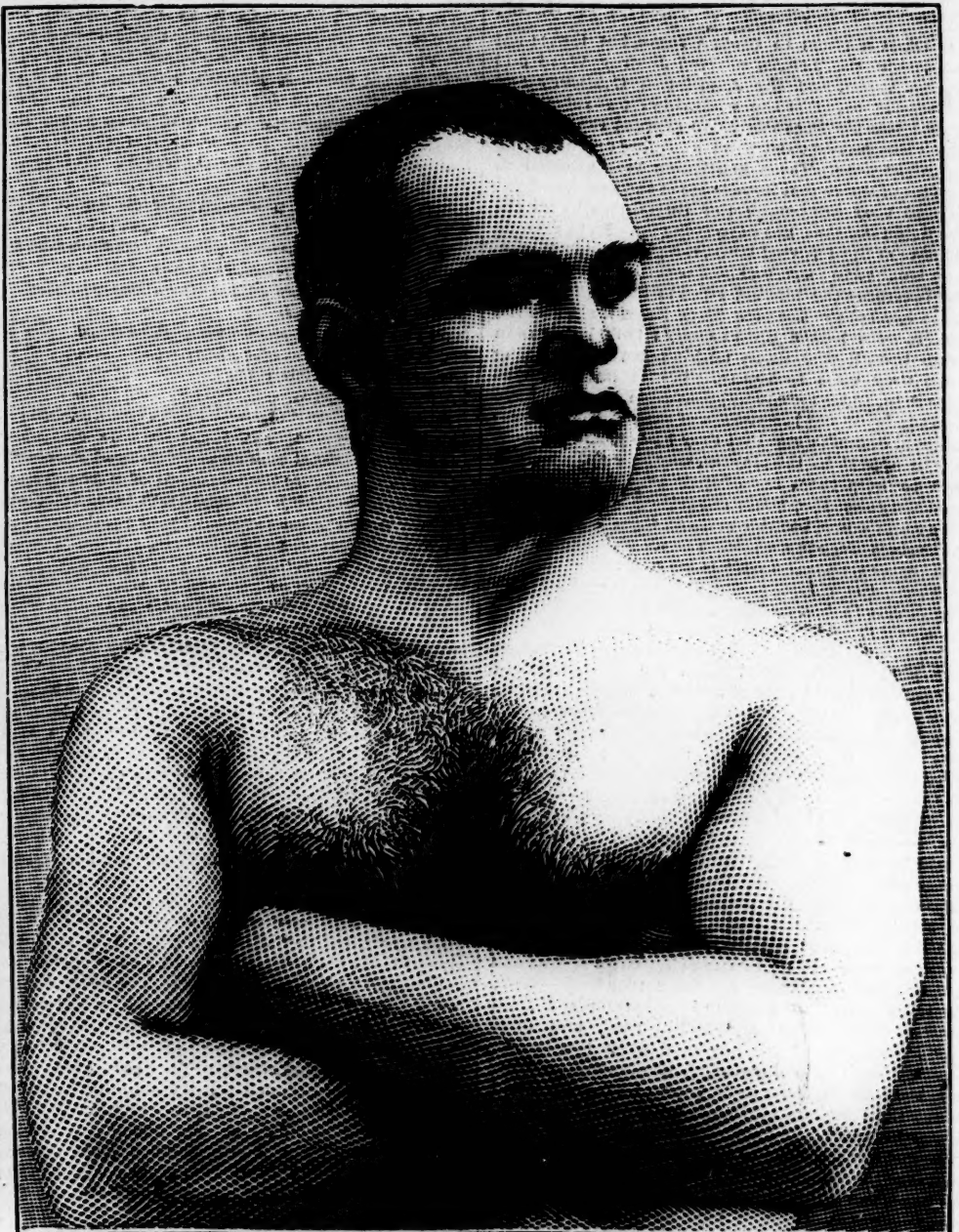
J. C. COCKBURN,
THE WELL KNOWN CHAMPION WING-SHOT OF
CANADA.



A GREAT TEAM.
THE BASEBALL CLUB OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER SWATARA.



A ROUGH RIDE.
BROTHER ED. HAIGHT OF MAYVILLE, N. Y., IS REMINDED BY HIS NEIGHBOBS
THAT A LOTHARIO OUGHT TO BE CAGEY.



JOE. LANNON,
THE PLUCKY HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST WHO DID UP FRANK HERALD AT
BOSTON, OCTOBER 7TH.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



T. H. Murnan.

The subject of our portrait is T. H. Murnan, who was born near Bridgeport, Conn., June 4, 1851, and whose career as a ball player dates back to 1870, when he was connected with an amateur nine in Savannah, Ga. It was, however, when playing with the Mansfield of Middletown, Conn., during 1871 and 1872, that he became favorably known, and his remarkable record as a first-baseman in the latter year led to his first professional engagement, the Athletics of Philadelphia securing his services. He remained with the Athletics during the seasons of 1873 and 1874, and accompanied them on their trip to Europe, generally playing centre-field, a position that he had but few equals in, being a very fast runner and a sure catch.

We may mention as instances of the many bits of fine fielding displayed by Murnan while with the Athletics, his memorable catch in the 13th inning Athletics-Philadelphia game, when he saved the game for his club by a most extraordinary and difficult running catch at centre-field, and his catch in the cricket match at Manchester, England, which the leading sporting journal termed a masterly catch. He played with the Philadelphia club in 1875 and joined the Boston in 1876, with whom he remained until the close of 1878. In 1879 he played with the Albany and Hop Bitters nines. After the disbandment of the Rochester club Murnan rested on his oars for several seasons, but re-entered the arena with the Boston Unions in 1881. He played with the Jersey City club in the early part of the season of 1885, and closed the season by editing a little weekly baseball paper. He opened the season of 1886 as manager of the Boston Blues, but afterward sold his interest and retired from the arena.

It takes a rogue to catch a rogue, but that is not the reason the League selected Johnny Ward and Adrian Anson, and the Association Comiskey and Swartwood to assist the committee on rules to so amend the playing rules as to prevent the trickery which was carried to such an alarming extent during the past season. These gentlemen were selected on account of their great knowledge of the game, and not because they are among the ringleaders in all the sharp practice that has been going on. In the proud old days of the departed Hubert a player would have been laughed to scorn had he dared to make a suggestion regarding the playing rules to the grand moguls at the head of the League. They knew it all, and the players were looked upon as only a trifle better than dumb brutes, who knew nothing beyond speaking when they were spoken to. Things have changed since then, and so many unmistakable blunders have been made by the lawmakers of the two leading professional organizations that they have found it necessary to appeal to the players, who are the practical men to help them out of their snarl by rendering what assistance they could in revising the rules. It is a big game down, but the best of them have to sun themselves once in a while. The men that play the game as a rule know a trifle more about what is wanted than the bloated stockholder who sits in the director's box and watches the game, while he sips his wine and puffs his Havana. It is a long lane that has no turn, and the players have kept straight ahead down the lane until they have at last caught sight of the turn. There are some pretty level-headed players throughout the country, and if the managers do not keep a pretty sharp look out they will get the foot and the persecuted players will band themselves together and take the business into their own hands.—It will be a source of bitter disappointment to poor Arlie Latham next season if the American Association avail itself of the suggestion of the Brotherhood to dispense with coaching. Latham is never at ease unless he is dancing along the players' line shooting off his mouth like a bursted steam valve. Just imagine Latham seated on the players' bench sucking his thumbs, with one or two men on bases and no one rattling the umpire or opposing players.—Well, Spalding says that \$750 fine imposed on the Irish battery, McCormick and Kelly, goes, and after the Parnell boys have pondered over the matter during the coming long, cold, snowy winter, they will be ready to forget their vows of vengeance, and about the time the birds commence to sing in the spring they will take a quiet little sneak out to Chicago and sign for 1887, just the same as though nothing had ever happened.—The managing director of the Metropolitan Club is a corker. No one knows where he got it from, but he seems to know it all.—The American Association magnates are beginning to cut their eye teeth and it would take a pretty good guesser to call the turn as to who will be the next president. The arrangements last season were far from being satisfactory.—There is nothing

like a good bluff. Jim Mutrie was unable to get higher than third place in the league race last season with his New York club, and the Brooklyn knocked the tar out of the New Yorks in the fall series. Nevertheless Mutrie is now out with a challenge to either the St. Louis Browns or Brooklyn to play a series of games in the spring. There is nothing like plenty of gall, but the bluff won't work, as no first-class club will play with the New Yorks till after they have first earned a reputation in their own organization. When the champion Chicago has no business with the St. Louis Browns Mutrie ought to be ashamed of himself to want to stock up third-rate light weights.—A ball player will go all winter on his uppers and without the price of a drink in his clothes, but he never gets so poor that he does not know his own value. If he be asked his lowest terms he will promptly answer, "Three thousand for the season and one thousand in advance."—The wholesale style in which the club managers of the two leading professional organizations have gobbled up the young blood this fall, means a great deal. The old and new material can't all be used, and if there are not a pile of players thrown upon the market after the season opens, it will be a miracle. Either the young or old players have got to get out, and those who hold their end up the better in the spring are the ones that will stay. You can look for some lively hustling.—The James Mutrie Association, which was formed in Harlem last week, is quite an extensive affair, as Jim's friends turned out in great shape, and at roll call hundreds of prominent sporting men responded. After the organization was completed, and the stuffing taken out of two or three kegs of beer, the members dispersed and commenced to paint the town a bright crimson.—It is to be hoped that Buck Bwing will fully recover from his—no one knows what, certainly not laziness—during the present winter, as it will about drive the New York public crazy to see as listless next season as he did last.—The Brooklyn have O'Brien where his hair is short, as all the other American Association clubs have signed an agreement to let the Brooklyn have him. O'Brien will about play in Brooklyn next year or not at all.—If the St. Louis Maroons live through another season it will be a pretty big surprise to the baseball arena.—Asa Brainard, the once-famous pitcher of the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, has finally drifted out to Denver, Col., where he has dropped anchor, and the chances are will spend the rest of his days.—Tom Poorman has had enough of free advertising about his contemplated trip to the Sandwich Islands for the benefit of his health—to take a rich man around the entire world.—Ferry Malone, ex-manager, ex-player and ex-umpire, needs close watching, as he is now mingling with the boys, with the expectation of winning in on some League or Association club as an unknown phenomenon. It has been so many years since Ferry was a ball player that he could pretty nearly use his own name without being detected, as the men who played ball when he was young are either dead or hinged up to dry.—The Washingtons are beginning to crow about the team they have secured for next season, but the chances are that they will go into their holes like a lot of rats the moment the season opens.—Mike Kelly has shot off so many times that everybody laughs at him now when the wolf is devouring him.—It was a cold day for the Detroit when they threw down the gauntlet to the New Yorks. It will cost them many a case.—Nearly all of the leading Northern clubs are making their arrangements for an early Southern trip, and the sunny South will about be overrun in the spring.—Pittsburg has a strong team, and they will make a big bid for the pennant next season.—Buffalo anticipates giving Pittsburg a black eye, as they are preparing to go to law over Fields, who signed with the Bisons and then jumped his contract and went skipping off with the Pittsburghs.—If looks as though Jim was losing his grip, but unless Johnny Ward uses a little mere judgment than he is displaying at present he will not last long in the metropolis, even if he does fall into Mutrie's shoes.—Ed Swartwood was not reserved, but you can stake your life he was fastened to the Brooklyn Club by a pretty strong cord.—The Cincinnati only have six pitchers under contract. There will be some lively hustling in the spring to see who stays and who goes.—The Kansas City people are trying to strengthen up, but they had better keep their weather eye peeled for fear they get dumped. These baseball people have a quiet way of springing it on you when you least expect it.—There are no bed bugs on Serad, as he collared one hundred dollars advance money from the Uteas before jumping to the Cincinnati.—This bid fair to be a pretty lively winter in baseball circles after all.—Jim Hart, ex-manager of the Louisville club, sizes the admirers of that club up about right when he says: "Louisville has more than its share of uncompromising cranks, who think the local team invincible, and when they lose a game the howl goes up. 'They were all drunk,' 'bad management,' etc. They go on the idea that the Louisville would never lose were they in condition to play and anxious to win." It is the same old story and Jim Mutrie could add a chapter to these remarks by giving his experience with the cranks who imagined the New Yorks should win every game they played.—The Athletics are by no means losing a trick, as while Simmons is in Cuba handling the two teams he took down there, Mason is at home superintending the improvement on their baseball ground, while Sharsiz is looking for players and preparing for the annual meeting of the Association.—Jim O'Rourke is not the only man who thinks President Day, of the New York club, made a great mistake when he agreed with Spalding that he would not try to strengthen his team by the addition of any Providence players.—It makes one tired to hear the style in which the new players engaged by the various clubs are being lauded up to the sky. They are all daisies now, but in the spring when they come up alongside the old players they will find that they are only horses bouquets.—Veach, the new pitcher of the Louisville, is looked upon as very tricky and as slippery as an eel. He has been charged with selling games in several instances and his past record as a contract breaker and receiver of bribes is said to be far from flattering.—Tom Mansell thought he had a soft snap when he got an appointment as letter carrier in the Auburn Post office, but the racket did not last long, as the Third Assistant Postmaster General reinstated the old carrier and Tom had to step down and out.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invaluable, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 533 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

REDUCED RATES FOR WORKMEN VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Carrying out the plan that has been under contemplation by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for some time past, it is announced that, commencing Monday next, the 15th inst., Workingmen's Tickets will be sold from Elizabeth, Waverly, Newark and New York at the following rates: Between Newark and New York, ten for \$1; between Waverly and New York, eight for \$1; and between Elizabeth and New York, seven for \$1. These tickets to be good only on local trains arriving at New York up to and including 7:30 A. M., and leaving New York between 5:30 and 6:30 P. M., and on Saturday these tickets will be good between the hours of 4:30 and 6:30 P. M., and not good to stop at these tickets will also be sold at Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets and at Jersey City.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, a written lengthwise as usual. This is an absolute condition precedent of acceptance, and no correspondence, letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a means of payment, and which are invariably to be obtained and should be used exclusively.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: St. New York by Daylight and after Dark. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Night. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out, or, Joe Follis on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Cuius Crimen? or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy. Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective. Heathen Chinee. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the sufferings of California. Guiteau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Robe of Crime. Fero Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mabelle Unmasked; or the Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made History. From the House of Deeds. Boycotting. Avenge Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles. Suicide's Cranks; or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Convent Island. Exposed. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.
The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
Champions of the American Prize Ring, Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.
Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England.
"John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman."
"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles."
"Fitz Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England."
"Ed. Hanlan, American Champion Oarsman."
Hetting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 200
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGENTS MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE.

NO DISCOUNTS ALLOWED ON LARGE ADVERTISEMENTS OF TIME CONTRACTS.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.
During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the POLICE GAZETTE where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.
RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

WE are sending out 10,000 sample CASKETS of our SILVERWARE to secure new agents. You can get one, express paid, by giving your postoffice address and a express address to WASHINGTON SILVER CO., Washington, D. C.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

LAWYERS.

Divorces.—A. Goodrich, attorney at law, 124 Dearborn street, Chicago; advice free; eighteen years' experience; business quietly and legally transacted.

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send stamp. Cornell & Spencer, 166 Randolph St., Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

1886-'87.

The annual Holiday Number of the POLICE GAZETTE will this year embrace the usual 16-page paper, to which will be added a characteristic

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a full-page illustration of the American Athletic Champions, as well as illustrations of the most striking and sensational events of the year, together with several stories specially prepared by the most celebrated story writers of the period, making it one of the greatest issues in the history of American illustrated Journalism.

This number, 481, OF DECEMBER 4, 1886, will be issued to the trade on Friday, Nov. 26, and will be the paper of papers to place your

HOLIDAY ADVERTISEMENTS

in, which will be received up to TUESDAY, AT 2 P. M., NOV. 23; next, affording ample time to distribute the holiday edition which circulates from Maine to Mexico, and in all foreign lands where the English language is spoken.

Do not fail to forward an order and see what sort of a salesman the POLICE GAZETTE proves to be.

No extra charge for this number.

For Advertising Rates

Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

KANSAS DETECTIVE BUREAU,

Wichita, Kansas.
Incorporated. Want members everywhere. Particulars 11 cents, stamps.

Wiley's Music Ink vanishes in 2 to 4 weeks after using. Cannot be restored by chemicals. Circular for 2c stamp. TROJAN CHEMICAL CO., Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL.



GEORGE E. BALL, Bigamist, GOLDEN, COLO.

For several years this rascal passed himself off amongst the young people of Denver and Golden, Colo., as a young unmarried man, and finally, having renounced the Episcopal religion, joined the Catholic Church and married a Miss J. M. Pearlburg, of Golden. It now transpires that at the time of his marriage he had a wife and five children at Harrogate, County of York, England, who were deserted by him in destitute circumstances. Bishop Macdonald, of Denver, has taken the matter in hand, and no doubt the gay and festive scamp will suffer a term in the Pen, if his whereabouts can be known. When his bigamy was first discovered the Rocky Mountain News, of Denver, published a long article about it, in which was the sworn statement of his wife in England.

CARDS.

12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door." "The Tickler." "The Nuptial Night." "The Adventures of a Newly-Married Couple." "Sparkling in the Dark." "The Beautiful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night." "How to Do It." and five others equally racy 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (53) Genuine Transparent Cards: with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents. Full Mail Gazette Exposure, in book form; just published, 32 pages spilling racy 15 cents. (Gents!) For your girls! 6 curious teasing love letters! read two different ways, 10 cents. All of the above complete for a \$1 bill. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door Illustrated. Rich. 52c. stamps. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Manhood is Man! Know Yourself. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Single Ladies.—Send ten 2c. stamps for pamphlet and recipe to enlarge the Bust.
SMITH & CLIFFORD, Castleton, N. Y.

HEAVY MUSTACHE in 30 days guaranteed. Send 30c to L. HENRY, 355 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

SPORTING GOODS.

How to win at Cards. Dice, etc. A sure thing, sent free to anyone on receipt of 4c. stamps to pay postage. Address: Wm. SUTHER, 65 & 67 Nassau St., New York.

Poker!—If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address E. O. Brown & Co., Salem, N. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN AND WOMAN.

For the purpose of getting the Man and Woman to get the best of the market, one set (12) safely by mail. The only supply agent, 89 Nassau St., New York, is the only building.

FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female patients. A book—168 pages of fancy reading, choice illustrations. By mail, 30 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, 80 cents. Mail or express. T. H. HENRY, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.

TRY ONCE,

and you will be convinced that I have the Old-Time French Book—250 pages of fancy reading, choice illustrations. By mail, 30 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, 80 cents. Mail or express. T. H. HENRY, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.

FREE.

For stamped direct red envelope. Address, Old Time Book Agency, Room 2, 169 William Street, N. Y.



The Magic Revealers. Do you wish to know the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000 times. Sample, 25c; 3, 50c; 7, 10c; 1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10. Well assorted. Money for agents.

The secrets of Lola Montez—Complete pocket edition. 100 pages, 10c. By mail, well sealed, 50c. 100 pages, 10c. By mail, well sealed, 50c. 100 pages, 10c. By mail, well sealed, 50c. 100 pages, 10c. By mail, well sealed, 50c.

Racy Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 35c.

Spicy—Six beautifully illustrated, fancy, pocket cards, entitled "What Did She Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door?" "Parlor Scene at Midnight?" "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Machine?" "Description of a Nuptial Night," and "Under the Garden Wall," sent for 25c, stamps taken. All of the above goods complete for \$2.00.

PURCHASING AGENCY, Box 175, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTS' PROTECTORS—best rubber, never fail, pliable, safe and durable, affording absolute security. By mail, 25c. 100, 50c; 3, 7 for \$1.00.

French Sex 1 for Ladies use only, 10c.

Full pack (3) Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 10c; sample card for three 2c stamps.

Fancy Illustrated Cards, Set of 6 "Mystic Oracle, 10c; "Maid's Confession," with photo, 12c; "Maiden's Dream," and photo, 12c; the lot, 25c.

For the boys, "Jessie's Dream," 10c; "Love in Arms," 10c.

MUSIC (Cabinet) of 100 Rare Stage Beauties, 25c. "In the Act," and "Caught at It," 25c; all for 35c.

All the above goods complete, \$1.50. Stamps taken. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

"A Night Scene," "Did It For Love," "On a Light," "A Nymph's Passion," and three other pieces of poetry, 25c. Sent sealed.

PHOTOS—Male and Female; beat old-timers; beauties, 10c for 25c; no two alike.

Four highly-colored pictures, LOVE SCENES, 50c. 15 LOVELY WOMEN; 20 TIGHTS, 25c.

THE FIRST NIGHT! A one-act play, 24 pages, 50c. All the above goods, \$1.

PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1, 191, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPORTING MEN

HUSH! You Can Get Them. Gents only. Full pack, 50 Genuine Transparent Cards, "Hold to Light," secret views: male and female; old-timers. Mailed secure, 50c per pack (price reduced), 2 packs 50c. French Photo free every order. Our unequalled set of 10 Genuine fancy female photos, from life, for gents' private album, Price, 50c. NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

TO GENTLEMEN ONLY

An entirely new invention, which no gentleman, married or single, should be without a single day. Over 2000 sold at private sale the past four months. They will last years with careful usage, and can be carried in the vest pocket. Sent sealed with full directions on receipt of 25c nts, three for 50c nts, eight for \$1. R. F. CATON, Box 5-2-7, Boston, Mass. N. B.—This is a monopoly. (Copyrighted.)

PROTECTORS.

LADIES VERY USEFUL RUBBER ARTICLE: self-adjusting, agreeable, durable, safe, fine material. Sent sealed for 50c nts. 2 for 80c nts. GENTS' R. 25 cents each, 3 for 60c nts. Send stamps. NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

RUBBER GOODS. Latest Improved.

Gents, 25 cents, 3 for 50, 8 for \$1. Ladies, 50 cents each. Secure from observation. J. W. FRANK, Box 5150, Boston, Mass.

Gent's Vest-pocket article; very thin, tough and durable, 25c. An ounce of Prevention, 30c. Rubber Article for Ladies, \$1. Bachelors' Friend, 30c. Secrecy 25c. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

\$25 will start any person in a new business, and which will pay from \$10 to \$50 every evening. No peddling. Cut this out and write at once. WORLD MFG. CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

SONGS 103 Songs, 10c; 300, 25c; 600, no two alike, 50c. Agents wanted. List of Songs free. H. J. WEHMAN, 82 Park Row, N. Y.

Such Rats—Agents wanted for a New Novelty. It tickles the Girls. Every young man should have one. Samples for 25c in silver. Box 3, 089, Boston, Mass.

GIRLS—shut your eyes—BOYS! Send 12c. for free sample to LOVERS' GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

RUBBER Goods for Gents. Light and durable, 25c; 3 for 50c. Box 257, Newark, N. J.

RUBBER SAFE, 30c; Tickler, 30c; French Secrecy, 30c; Teaser, 10c. LOVERS' GAZETTE, Chicago.

Maiden's Secret—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. Mrs. M. BROWNLEE, Nashua, Pa.

Counterfeit Money not any. (1) sample for inspection, 10c. H. C. ROWELL & CO., Rutland, Vt.

\$100 by mail \$1. Lock Box 19, Wareham, Mass.

Tobacco chewing cured, 20c, Box 24, Massillon, O.

WANTS.



is hungry for the trade of streetmen, auctioneers, and canyons. Novelties and notions and jewelry 20 per cent cheaper than elsewhere. Causes for canyons—boards a special. Write for Catalogue. Mention this. H. WOLF, 112 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted Partner \$150, travel, treasurer of established business, by attractive burlesque act. Address Miss E. C. 311 East 32nd Street, New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The "Sporting Man's Companion."

Every one interested in sporting records and performances should not fail to procure a copy of the SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION. It is pronounced by the press and public to be the most valuable and authentic sporting record book in the world. For sale at all news stands, or sent securely wrapped by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

A GRAND OFFER of cheap reading. The N. Y. "Weekly News," 25 Park Row, every week, gives twelve pages of stories, rattling sensational articles, etc., making 624 large newspaper pages in a year. Only One Dollar per annum. For \$1.50 we send a genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary, 1500 illustrations, 634 pages, nearly 700,000 words, elegantly bound, and the "Weekly News," one year. Address, N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 3795, N. Y.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER.

Beautifully illustrated, contains nearly 300 advertisements from ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Sent 3 mos. for 10c. 1 year 25c. Address, Helping Hand, 70 LaSalle St., Chicago.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 168 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

P. O. B. of the S. M., rich, 50c; Wicked Nell, 50c; Irish Molly, 50c; "Pall Mall Gazette" Exposure, 10c. Full-page illustrations. All to one address, \$2. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Plainfield, N. J.

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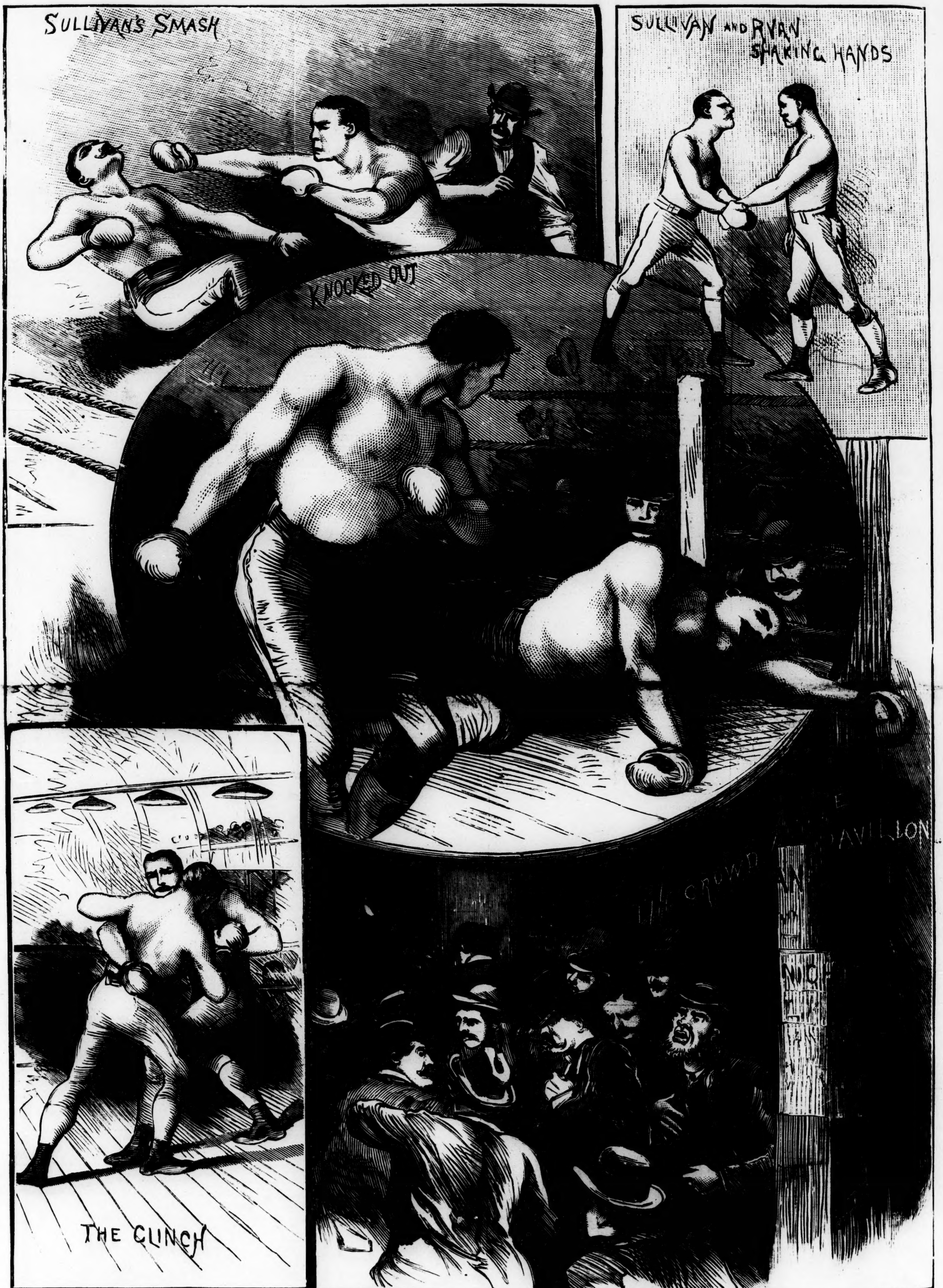
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